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& BYSTANDER

JUNE 1, 1955



SUMMER NUMBER

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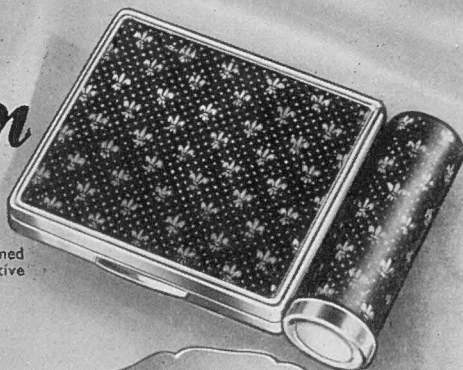
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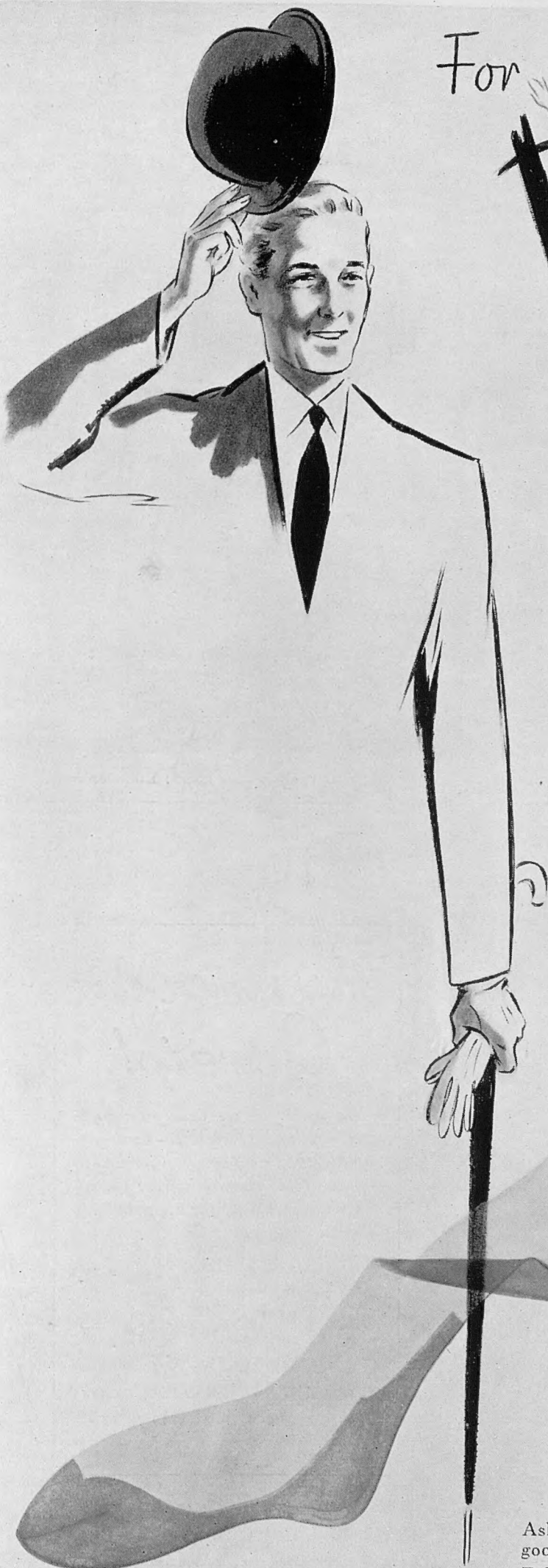
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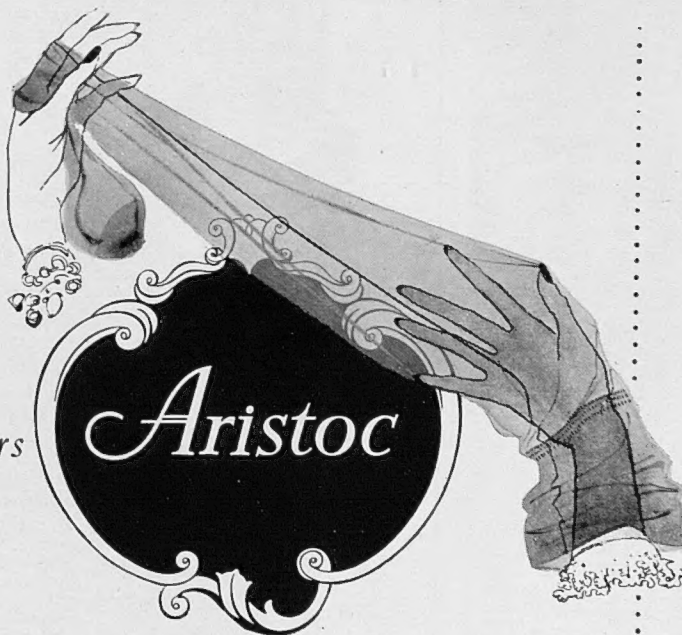
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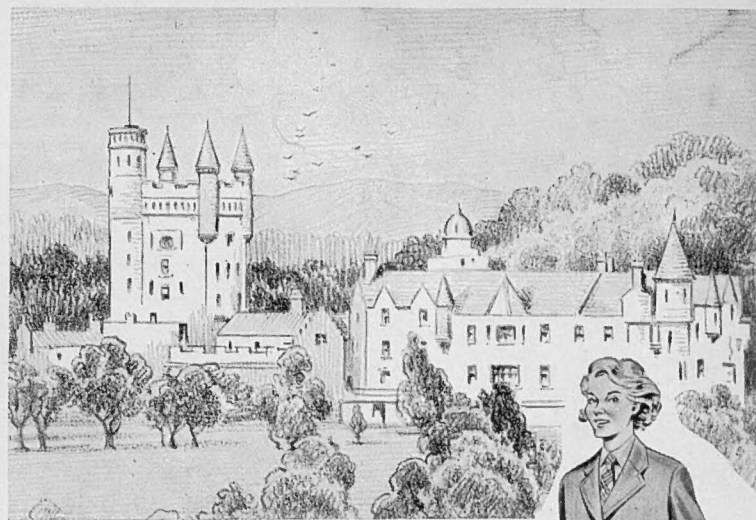
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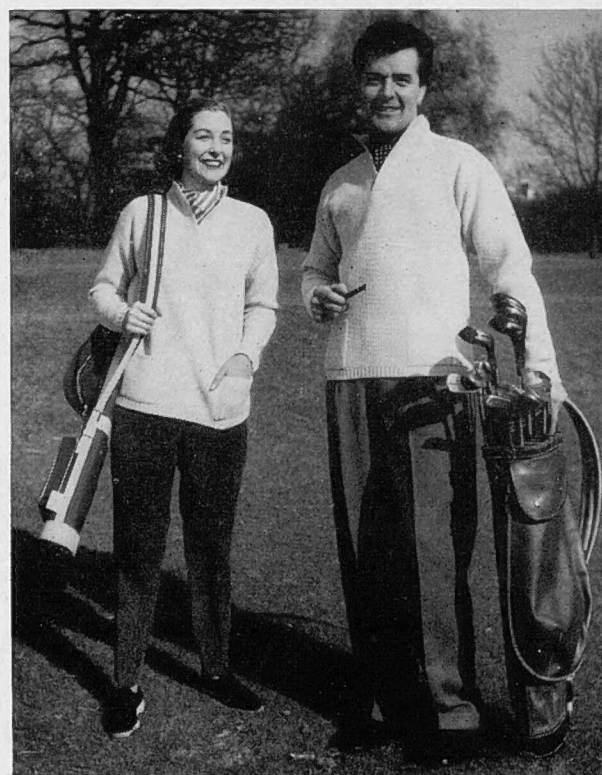


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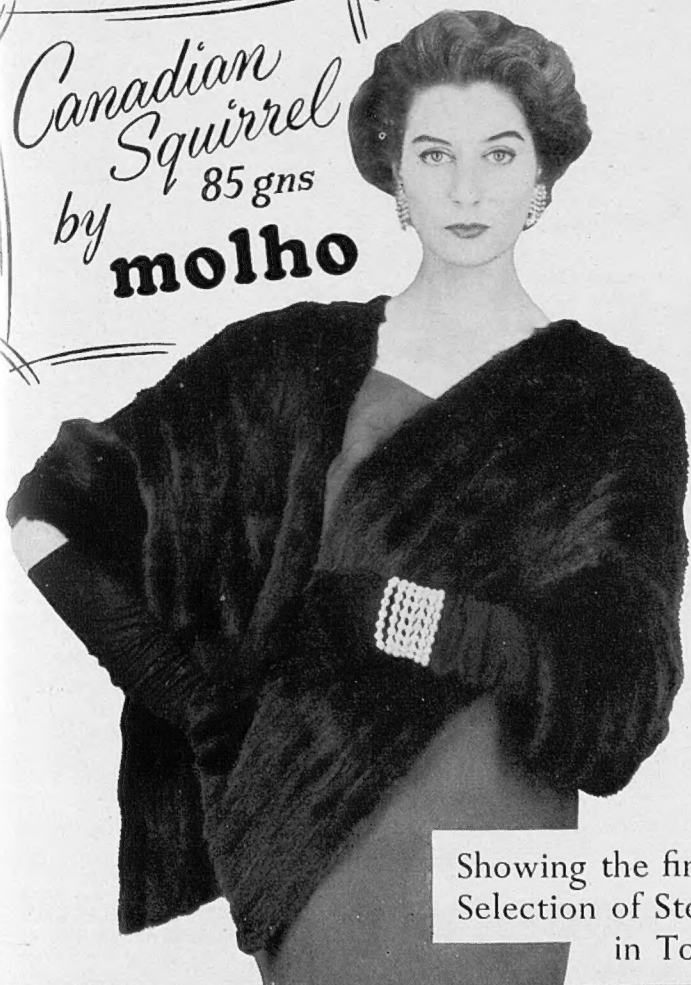


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Right: Brief suede little-boy shorts, stitched and patch-pocketed. Brown, green, Wedgwood, or scarlet. Sizes 10-16. £2.12.6. Shirt born for a gay life, in lightning striped cotton. Acid yellow, candy floss, or sea mist. Sizes 10-16. £3.5.0. Natural calf sandal. £1.15.0



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The special cylinder head design of Rover engines sets the Rover pace, whilst the extensive use of rubber pads and mountings, spraying with sound-absorbing material and heavy carpeting make the naturally quiet engine almost inaudible.

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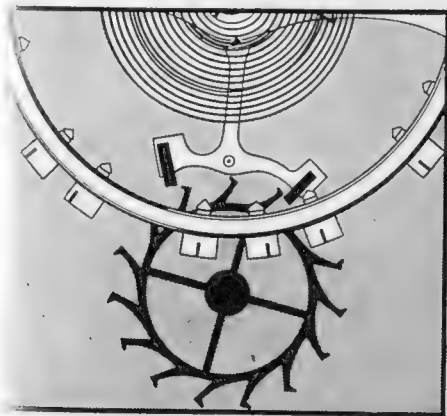
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but he's
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is your safeguard*



THE WATCHMAKERS



OF SWITZERLAND



PAMELA DEGIL, the artist responsible for our cover picture of the Fourth of June at Eton College, is twenty-four. She studied at Willesden Art School and at the Regent Polytechnic, has travelled a good deal in France, and has among her hobbies politics, interior decorating, gardening and food. She specializes in fashion work and illustrating and particularly enjoys drawing children. She lives in Hampstead

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From June 1 to June 8

June 1 (Wed.) Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother visits the Suffolk Agricultural Show at Bencroft Park, Beccles.

Bath and West Horse Show at Launceston (four days).

The Royal Tournament at Earl's Court (until June 18).

First night of *The Tempest* at the Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, with Robert Atkins and Robert Eddison.

First night of *The Lost Generation* (Garrick), with Bevan Nissen, Leslie Phillips and Nora Swinburne. Mrs. Henry Illingworth and Mrs. Charles d'Anyers Willis's dance for their daughters, Miss Mary Illingworth and Miss Caroline d'Anyers Willis.

Cricket at Lord's: M.C.C. v. Gloucestershire.

June 2 (Thur.) Princess Margaret will attend a fair at St. James's Palace in aid of the Dockland Settlement.

Lady Katharine Nicholson, the Hon. Mrs. A. S. Casey, and Mrs. W. Codrington give a dance for their daughters, Miss Rose Nicholson, Miss Bridget Casey, and Miss Jane Codrington at the Hyde Park Hotel. Racing at Windsor, also at Manchester, the latter for three days.

First night, *Tiger At The Gates* (Apollo), with Michael Redgrave, Walter Fitzgerald, Diane Cilento.

June 3 (Fri.) The Duchess of Kent visits the Bath and West Show.

The Duke of Edinburgh attends the Burma Reunion at the Albert Hall.

Racing at Kempton Park (two days).

June 4 (Sat.) Fourth of June Celebrations at Eton.

Cricket: Middlesex v. Worcestershire at Lord's; Surrey v. Yorkshire at the Oval.

June 5 (Sun.) The Duke of Edinburgh, as president of the R.A.F. Association, attends memorial service and takes march past at Eastbourne.

June 6 (Mon.) Princess Margaret will attend première of the film *Daddy Longlegs* at the Carlton cinema, in aid of the Invalid Children's Aid Association. Cambridge University come down for the long vacation.

Dances: Lady Aston's dance for her granddaughter, Miss Virginia Wait, and for Miss Elsie Whetstone, at the Oak Room, Hampton Court Palace; Mrs. Raymond Clifford-Turner and Mrs. John Knowles's (small dance) for their daughters, Miss Susan Clifford-Turner and Miss Penny Knowles at The Cottage, 8A Hobart Place, S.W.1.

June 7 (Tues.) The Duke of Edinburgh visits the Business Efficiency Exhibition at Olympia.

Parliament assembles.

Racing at Lewes and at Nottingham.

Lady Cayzer's dance for her daughter, Miss Nichola Cayzer, at Claridge's.

June 8 (Wed.) Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother opens the Museum of Costume at Eridge Castle, Tunbridge Wells.

Princess Marie Louise attends British Osteopathic Association's Ball at Claridge's.

Countess Mountbatten of Burma opens the Antique Dealers' Fair at the Grosvenor House.

May Week begins at Cambridge.

Glyndebourne Festival opens until July 26.

The Countess of Dundee's dance for her daughter, Miss Hermione Faulkner, at the Dorchester Hotel.

An Art Sale at Christie's in aid of Save the Children Fund, at 8 p.m., 8 King's Street, St. James's.

Cricket: Middlesex v. Kent at Lord's.

Racing at Brighton and at Lincoln (both for two days).

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and she loves its supreme
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The King and Queen of Sweden entertained by the Admiralty

*A banquet at Greenwich
in the Royal Naval College*

THE King and Queen of Sweden have been paying a welcome visit to this country, their first since their official visit last June. Their Majesties, who return to Sweden by air tomorrow, are seen at the Board of Admiralty banquet at the Royal Naval College with Earl and Countess Mountbatten of Burma, and the Rt. Hon. J. P. L. Thomas, First Lord of the Admiralty. King Gustav also visited Oxford where he received an honorary degree at New College



Eric Coop

*A new arrival seen at home
with her mother and brother*

Lady Roderic Pratt and her children Adrian and Zara

LORD AND LADY RODERIC PRATT'S infant daughter was recently christened Zara Elizabeth in the church of St. Alban, at Frant, in Sussex, where her parents have their home. Among the godparents were Lord Rupert Nevill, Countess Rolland de la Paype and Lady Melissa Wyndham-Quin. Lord Roderic is the only brother of the Marquess Camden



MISS SUSAN GUNDRY

AMONG the débutantes presented to the Queen in March was Miss Susan Gundry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. B. Gundry, of Grange, Honiton, Devon. She is a member of the Monkey Club, and has been studying interior decoration. A dance is being given for her by her mother at her home on July 29

Social Journal

Jennifer

THE TARTAN CAME TO MAYFAIR

THE Royal Caledonian Ball, always one of the most brilliant spectacles of the London season, held in aid of the Royal Scottish Corporation, Royal Caledonian Schools and other Scottish charities, seemed even more colourful than usual this year. Once again it had been exceedingly well organized—no small task—by Sir Simon Campbell-Orde. Not only were there around 1,200 guests at Grosvenor House, but also much extra liaison and arrangements were necessary for those dancing in the set reels, who this year numbered 164.

The Duchess of Gloucester, wearing a sash of the Royal Stewart tartan on her pearl satin evening dress, sat on the Patronesses' dais watching the Scottish dances, and later joined in a reel and a Petronella herself, partnered by the Duke of Atholl and Major Butter.

The Marchioness of Huntly was originally

going to arrange the set reels, but had to go to Australia and Switzerland, and only returned shortly before the ball, so that Lady Ogilvy took on the work, which she did splendidly. She is probably the youngest patroness ever to arrange these traditional reels, and possibly also the first American-born peeress to do so. She was not dancing in them herself as she is expecting a happy event this summer, but, looking charming in a fawn satin evening dress, was there to supervise.

ALL the dancers looked most picturesque, the ladies wearing their tartan sashes on their evening dress with white or silver the favourite choice, and the men all wearing the kilt. They were piped on to the floor in procession by pipes and drummers of the Scots Guards. First came a sixteensome formed by the Atholl Highlanders. These were headed by the Duke of Atholl with the Countess of

Mansfield in grey satin with a lovely pearl and diamond tiara and other jewels, followed by the Marquess and Marchioness of Lansdowne, the latter looking exceptionally pretty with her tartan sash on a white and silver dress, and a diamond tiara.

Then came Viscount Stormont with Lady Elizabeth Oldfield, deputizing for Lady Malvina Murray who had not got back from America in time for the ball. Others in this set were Major and Mrs. David Butter, Capt. John and Lady Gillian Anderson, Capt. and Mrs. Gordon of Lude, Capt. Blair Stewart Wilson, Mrs. Andrew Drummond-Moray, Mr. Ian Murray and Miss Susan Murray. The Scots Guards also had a sixteensome and dancing in this were Major and Mrs. G. P. M. Ramsay, Lady Mary Lindesay-Bethune, Mr. P. Cantlie, Miss Anne Barber, Capt. N. G. Ramsay and

[Continued overleaf]

Continuing The Social Journal

Diamonds Glittered
in the reel

Miss Mariota Steuart-Menzies with Mr. D. R. Steuart-Menzies.

From the point of view of spectators in the balcony, watching this unique and wonderful sight, perhaps the smoothest and best set was the Highland Reel (1) in which Lord Ogilvy partnered the Marchioness of Huntly, who wore a full-skirted black dress and fine diamonds. All the other ladies in this reel wore white dresses and they included Lady Huntly's nieces Miss Mary Anne Berry and Miss Jane Berry, partnered by Mr. Colin Innes and Mr. Hugh Lindsay, Miss Richenda Gurney dancing with the Hon. James Ogilvy, the Hon. Diana Baird, Capt. Robin Stormonth-Darling, Miss Gillian Hilleary, Mr. Jocelyn Stevens, Miss Grant of Knockie, Mr. Angus Stirling and Miss Christine Bridgeman with Mr. Peter Bridgeman.

OTHERS I noticed in the set reels included Mrs. Telfer-Smollett looking lovely in a white beaded dress and a fine diamond tiara with her husband, Major Patrick Telfer-Smollett of Bonhill who, like his brother officers dancing, was wearing the uniform of the Highland Light Infantry, perhaps the most picturesque uniform among all those in the ballroom. Also taking part in the reels were Lord James Crichton-Stuart, Miss Vora Mackintosh, Mr. Malcolm Fraser, Miss Rohais Anderson, Mr. J. A. Wolfe Murray, Miss Sally Whitelaw, Mr. C. S. Patterson, Miss Griselda Maxwell of Ardwel, one of this year's débutantes, and Miss Anne Wilmot, another débutante looking sweet in white, dancing in the Black Watch set partnered by Mr. W. R. Dudgeon.

Others at this colourful ball I met were Viscount Kelburn, Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Kaye Edden, Lt.-Col. Gordon Maxwell of Ardwel meeting many old friends from the London Scottish, Lady Helen Berry, Mr. Peter and Lady Elizabeth Oldfield, who were sitting for some time with her mother, the Countess of Dunmore, on the dais, Mr. John



PEARL FREEMAN
MRS. FREDERICK CUMBER, is the attractive wife of one of the candidates for the office of Sheriff of the City of London. Mr. Cumber is chairman and director of many City companies and a Liveryman of the Carmen, the Farmers and the Horners

Huntington-Whiteley, escorting Lady Alison Bruce, and Mrs. Gerald Hamilton wearing a fine tiara with her saffron satin dress. She is a daughter of Lady Mary McCrae, who organized the set reels at this ball for many years.

VISCOUNTESS SAVERNAKE was there, also Mr. Charles Connel and Mrs. Irene Roberts, who brought a big party including her daughter-in-law Mrs. Owen Roberts with her débutante daughter Camilla, her son-in-law Lt.-Col. E. Remington-Hobbs and his younger stepson, Mr. Simon Maxwell; his stepdaughter Sheelin Maxwell was in another party.

When the Duchess of Gloucester went in to supper, she stopped on the way to see the beautifully arranged exhibition of various Scottish attractions which included lengths of Harris tweed—one snow white—shown by the Harris Tweed Association, tartans, sporrans and cairngorms from Scott Adie or the Scotch House, a most decorative and clever exhibit of produce by the Rowallan Creamery, a

revolving screen of attractions at the forthcoming Edinburgh Festival which opens on August 21-September 10, and a small-scale model of a Viscount airliner in which you can fly to Edinburgh for the Festival or any other event, every day of the week during the summer.

★ ★ ★

GRREAT celebrations were held in the Dominican colony in London to mark the twenty-fifth anniversary of the first election of Gen. Rafael Trujillo as President of the Dominican Republic. In the morning the Apostolic Delegate, His Grace Archbishop Gerald Patrick O'Hara, presided at a mass followed by a Te Deum, superbly sung in Westminster Cathedral. In the afternoon the Dominican Ambassador's wife, Señora de Thomen, gave a most interesting talk at Canning House, and in the evening the Ambassador and Señora de Thomen, who looked charming in black, gave a delightful reception at the Dominican Embassy in Eaton Square, which was attended by several hundred guests.

These included the Apostolic Delegate, a charming personality with great understanding, who before he came to London worked in one of the most troubled parts of Central Europe. He was talking to Lady Gainer, while Sir Donald Gainer nearby was conversing with the Brazilian Ambassador, one of the many members of the Diplomatic Corps present, among whom I also saw the Belgian Ambassador, the Saudi Arabian Ambassador, Mrs. Pandit, and the Panamanian Ambassador.

The Lord Mayor, Sir Seymour Howard, was an early arrival, as was Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones, the very popular Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps. Other guests among the big throng, included the Marquess of Reading, Mrs. Neville Chamberlain, Mrs. Marie-Luise Arnold, as usual surrounded by friends, and her mother Mrs. Muriedas, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Tate, Mrs. McNeil Robertson and the Mayor and Mayoress of Westminster.

★ ★ ★

THE Trafford Gallery in Mount Street was crowded for the private view of the third "Painting Is A Pleasure" exhibition, which was opened by Mr. Douglas Fairbanks. He is among the exhibitors, with a most amusing picture of Danny Kaye doing a



Miss Kay Stewart-Johnstone, Mr. D. G. Stewart-Smith and the Hon. Penelope Dewar, who is a daughter of Lord Forteviot, in a Scottish country dance



Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lains, from Morayshire, were checking the programme of dances which were to take place during the course of this celebrated ball



Lt.-Commander and Mrs. Robert de Pass, who were married in April this year, arriving at the ball. He is a member of the Duke of Edinburgh's polo team

characteristic dance, which hangs in a prominent position in the first room. On the opposite wall is a striking portrait of a sheikh's son, painted by young King Feisal of Iraq especially for this exhibition.

The Earl of Euston was at the opening, and receiving congratulations on his interesting picture "The Temple At Euston, Suffolk," and other exhibitors I saw there included Mrs. Leopold Lonsdale accompanied by her husband, and Mrs. Anthony Crossley who for this show has done a charming picture of the Guards outside St. James's Palace. She was talking to Lord Stanley of Alderley, and Mrs. Rex Benson, who helped in organizing the exhibition together with Mrs. Peter Laycock, Viscountess Duncannon and Mr. Charles Harding, who were also present.

I saw the Hon. Randal and Mrs. Plunkett over from Ireland for a brief visit, Lady Dorothea Head, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Margaret Countess of Birkenhead, Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Aldrich and Sir John Rothenstein. There are two pictures by the Duchess of Gloucester, and a fine painting of his yacht *Bellatrix* from the hand of the Portuguese Ambassador, Senhor Pedro Pereira.

I MUCH admired Dame Felicity Peake's picture called "Italian Garden," so full of colour and sunshine, yet so restful. This was painted from her bedroom window while recuperating from an illness at the fine Palazzo Hanbury near Martola, which has one of the most beautiful gardens on the Italian Riviera.

Viscount Bury's very clever picture of the front view of a red Bentley came in for much admiration, and I was told that one of the highest executives of the Rolls-Royce Company, who came to the private view, was hoping to acquire it.

This exhibition, which has nearly eighty pictures all painted for pleasure by amateur artists (many of them well-known personalities who will astonish their friends by their skill at the easel) is open until July 2, and is very well worth a visit. The whole of the proceeds of the exhibition is for the benefit of Toc H work at home and overseas, as also are the proceeds of the auction of the pictures which is to take place on June 21 at the Brazilian Embassy in Mount Street, by courtesy of the Brazilian Ambassador.

[Continued overleaf]



THE ROYAL CALEDONIAN BALL, held at Grosvenor House, was honoured by the presence of the Duchess of Gloucester, who led the dancers in several of the reels. Above: The Duke of Atholl, and the Countess of Mansfield, followed by the Marquess and Marchioness of Lansdowne and Viscount Stormont, leading the ceremonial procession for the set reels which opened the ball



The Marquess of Lansdowne, who succeeded his cousin in 1944, was sitting at a table with Lady Gillian Anderson, who is a sister of the Earl of Perth



H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester dancing a reel with the Earl of Mansfield. Among the 800 guests were members of many distinguished Scottish families

Desmond O'Neill

THE BRITISH-AMERICAN BALL at the Dorchester was in aid of the British-American Associates to further understanding and co-operation between the two countries. The president of the ball was the Marquess of Reading. This successful evening included a cabaret by Viera, and Dickie Henderson



Mr. Hans Heyman, Miss Elizabeth Ellsworth-Jones, who was holding a paper parasol given during the evening, Mr. Ronald Lindsay and Mr. Peter Moffat



Mrs. Alan Selborne, who was the chairman of the ball committee, with the Marquess and Marchioness of Reading



Mr. Patrick Mayhew was talking with Miss Marisa Bejarano and Miss Pili Bejarano, who are visiting this country from Spain



Mr. and Mrs. Paul Curtis-Bennett, Mr. Michael Cahill and Miss Fanny Howard were four more who greatly enjoyed this well-run event



Miss Jane Baylis and Mr. Tim Odhams were dancing a quickstep in the course of the evening

Continuing The Social Journal

Wedding reception in the House of Lords

SEVEN-YEAR-OLD Lord Hay and his four-year-old brother, the Hon. Peregrine Moncreiffe, came all the way down from Scotland with their parents Capt. Iain Moncreiffe of Easter Moncreiffe and the Countess of Erroll, to be pages at the wedding of their cousin Lady June Hay. The bride, daughter of the late Earl and Countess of Kinnoull, was married to Mr. Cranley Onslow, elder son of the late Mr. F. R. Onslow and Mrs. Onslow, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and a reception in the House of Lords followed.

In this fine setting the bride, who wore a white lace wedding dress with a tulle veil held in place by a diamond tiara, looked radiant as she stood with her bridegroom happily greeting their friends between two windows in the Peers' Guest room overlooking the Thames, which was bathed in sunshine. The bride's aunt, Lady de Clifford, who has brought her up, and was wearing a little red rose cap and a green silk dress, received the

guests with the bride's young brother the Earl of Kinnoull, who comes of age next year, the bridegroom's mother, Mrs. Onslow, and the Earl and Countess of Onslow.

AMONG those who had come to wish the young couple happiness were the Duchess of Atholl, who was talking to the Countess of Erroll, Miss Harley Bacon who has recently given the Earl of Kinnoull some fine family pictures, the bride's cousin, Mrs. Paul Curtis-Bennett with her husband, Mr. Robert Harman who was best man, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Hyde Thompson, and two charming American friends who had crossed the Atlantic for the wedding. They were Mrs. Fred Holmes and Mrs. Charles See, who was wearing a very chic pink ensemble. Both have lovely homes in California where Lady de Clifford and several members of the bride's family have visited them.

Mr. Neil Martin, who is at the Foreign Office, proposed the health of the bridegroom with a most amusing speech.

* * *

LONDON will be filling up for June, and I hear of friends arriving from all parts of the globe. Sir Harold and Lady Mitchell and their little daughter Mary Jean arrived

from Bermuda during election week and will be staying at the Savoy for some time. Count and Countess Alfonse Kinsky and their baby son Cyril arrive from Toronto on June 3 and will be staying with her father, Mr. Norman Bohn, in his Cadogan Square home.

Viscount and Viscountess Bridport and their young son Alexander expect to be back from Sicily about the middle of the month and will be spending several weeks in London. Sir Francis and Lady Peek are coming over from the Bahamas, but are visiting the Continent first, beginning with Paris, then on to Gibraltar, Madrid, Biarritz and back to Paris before they arrive in England on July 1, when they will be staying with his mother in Kent for a week, then coming to London from July 7 onwards.

Mr. Cabot Colville, who was at the U.S. Embassy here for some years, and his wife and two children have already arrived from America and are dividing their time between a flat in Hill Street and a house near Ascot for the summer.

* * *

IWENT to Eaton Square, to the headquarters of the Ski Club of Great Britain, for the annual cocktail party given by the Down Hill Only Ski Club. The President, Sir

Adrian Jarvis, was greeting guests, as also were the vice-presidents, Mrs. Paul Hepworth and Mr. Barnard-Hankey. Among the large number of members present were Mrs. Hensman, whose father, Sir Wavell Wakefield, and Lady Wakefield, both members, were too busy with election work to be present.

I met the Hon. Max Aitken and Mr. Christopher Mackintosh who had both been out to Scheidegg recently for late spring ski-ing on the Jungfrau, Mr. Eric Lunes, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Foster—he was President of the Club for several years—Miss Hilleary Laing, a former British Ladies ski champion, Miss Meriel Gold and her sister Belinda, both good skiers, and Mr. Headley Gardner, whose son Nigel, winner of the British championship ski-ing this year, was not able to come to the party. Members of the very flourishing Wengen Curling Club I met included Mr. Paul Hepworth, Capt. Toby Barker, and Col. Philip Cutlack, who was there with his wife and her son Capt. Mike Hills, just back from Malaya, and her daughter Mrs. Harry Robertson, back on leave from Germany with her husband who is in the 9th Lancers. Mrs. Hans Meister brought her two sons, and others present included Mr. Dick Hollingsworth, Mrs. Barnard-Hankey, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Adams and their son and daughter, John and Joanna, and Miss Angela Stormonth-Darling.

★ ★ ★

LATER in the evening I went on to Overseas House in St. James's, where I found the Australian Ball, organized by the Overseas League, in full swing. The High Commissioner for Australia and Lady White received the guests with the deputy chairman of the League, Sir Angus Gillan, and the vice-chairman, Doreen Lady Brabourne. The chairman of the League, Admiral Earl Mountbatten of Burma, was unable to be present as he and Countess Mountbatten had to attend the dinner given by the Board of Admiralty at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, in honour of his brother-in-law, the King of Sweden, who with the Queen of Sweden was over here on a private visit.

The big first floor reception room, where a delicious buffet supper was being enjoyed at small tables around the room, and the long lecture hall downstairs where dancing took place, were both nicely decorated with spring flowers and plants and well lit for the occasion.

GUESTS, who numbered about three hundred, were able to enjoy a really excellent cabaret commèred by Joan Gilbert. The artists appearing were Anona Winn and Shirley Abicair with her zither, and both received a great ovation. Most of us connect Anona Winn firstly with *Twenty Questions* on the B.B.C., also as a singer, but I am sure that many, like myself, had no idea she is a first-rate cabaret star, for not only does she sing well, but has a wonderful sense of comedy.

Among those present at this very successful ball were the Agent General for Queensland and Mrs. Muir, the Agent General for South Australia and Mrs. Greenham, the Agent General for Western Australia and Mrs. Dimmitt. Others who brought parties included Mrs. Kenneth Kemble, who was well known in Melbourne before her marriage as Mrs. Fairbairn, widow of the late Mr. James Fairbairn, also Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Shephard, also of Melbourne, Mr. D. E. Witts, Miss June Anderson and Miss Kirkpatrick from Sydney, Mr. and Mrs. W. McGuinness, Mrs. F. E. Podger and Mr. and Mrs. Dean from Victoria, Mr. J. S. Ramsay from Launceston, Tasmania, and Mr. A. H. Urquhart, from Melbourne.



A CALYPSO DINNER-DANCE was held at the May Fair in aid of the National Fund for Poliomyelitis Research. There was dancing to Bertie King and his West Indian orchestra which gave appropriate atmosphere to this gay affair. Above: Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks and Viscountess Melgund, joint-chairmen of the general committee, waiting to receive their guests



Above left: Mrs. F. Johnson was sitting at a table with Mr. Colin Tennant. Right: Viscount Melgund, the Earl of Minto's elder son and heir, with Mrs. Charles Smith Ryland. Below left: The Hon. Robin Warrender and Mrs. David Naylor-Leyland. Right: The Hon. Shaun Plunket chatting to the Hon. Katharine Smith

Swabe

POLO COMES INTO ITS OWN AGAIN

LT.-COL. PETER DOLLAR, who describes here the healthy state of British polo this season, is one of the leading exponents of the game in this country. His experience dates from before the war, when he played for the 4th Hussars—a regiment for whom Sir Winston Churchill once turned out on the polo field—and he is now a player in one of the celebrated Cowdray Park teams



H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh

IT was said by many that after the war polo would be a memory of the past, and these fears would have proved only too true had Viscount Cowdray not come to the fore with all his zest and energy. The 1955 season has made an enthusiastic start, particularly at Cowdray where they opened on April 1, a date doubtfully commented on by some! As spectators, players and even ponies know only too well, Lord Cowdray is a hard and relentless taskmaster where cancellations are concerned, and to him all weather is possible for play.

Cirencester continue to increase their activities and their great successes are largely due to the co-operation and enthusiasm of Earl Bathurst and his brother the Hon. George Bathurst. They worked hard to arrange the two most successful exhibition matches which were played at the end of last season in the Park. They are again arranging to co-operate with that sporting club Cheshire, who are so handicapped by distance and find it difficult to get outside matches.

CONGRATULATIONS to the Duke of Edinburgh on winning the Tyro Cup on May 15. Although his very limited spare time is shared among so many sports, his great enjoyment of the game, together with his rapid progress towards the top rank of players, makes one hope that he will be able to take part in most of the tournaments.

Of the Duke's five playing ponies one is English, two from the Argentine, one from Chile and one from Turkey. He also has a young English thoroughbred pony by Ocean Swell, presented to him by the Earl of Rosebery, which will be interesting to follow.

It is sad that none of our overseas friends are able to come as teams, but we hope to see some of them individually. From the Argentine Alfredo Harrington, the ex-international player, has arrived with eleven lovely ponies to add to Archie David's brilliant stud. Tito Lalore is also here, and Humphrey Guinness

as fit as ever will complete what promises to be a formidable team for Friar Park.

Woolmers Park ably led by Arthur Lucas will include Kishan Singh and L. Lalore, Tito's brother.

Cirencester have shown great initiative in obtaining the services of that fine American player Harry East to coach their young players. With the aid of Gerald Balding, England's post- and prewar captain, they should come on rapidly. Hugh Brassey, John MacDonald Buchanan and Clem Barton all show great promise, the latter ably assisted by his father Stanley Barton, that great player of prewar days and the owner of a fine string of young ponies.

IT will be very disappointing if Sam Hunter cannot show his own talent and his lovely ponies owing to an arm injury sustained in the winter. Another non-playing captain is Mike White, but we are glad that he is now well enough, after his serious illness last season, to cheer on his Polo Cottage and use his beautiful stud to mount David Dawnay and Stretton Dixon: Douglas Riley Smith and Fred Withers complete the team.

Cowdray's two high goal teams are the Duke of Edinburgh, myself, Hanut Singh back from India with his incomparable string of ponies, and John Laken whom we congratulate not only on his many polo successes but on the birth of a son, Michael, a future international we hope! The other high goal side is composed of Sinclair Hill, a young player of great promise (studying agriculture perhaps less successfully than polo!), Charles Smith-Ryland possibly one of England's best young players, Alec Harper who played No. 1 for England in the Coronation Cup and Gerald Critchley always a reliable support in any team.

The medium goal teams are happily too numerous to mention in much detail.

The Duke of Edinburgh will lead his "Mariners" with Alec Harper, Matt Maunder and Robert de Pass, the latter two recent bridegrooms. We hope that Robert de Pass

Viscount Cowdray, who has been mainly responsible for the polo renaissance, walking with the Viscountess in their gardens at Cowdray Park

will soon recover from the neck injury which he unfortunately received while playing polo.

Eric Moller who has had polo experience in the Far East and now lives here, will run a team at Cowdray called "Jersey Lilies." In the Tyro Cup he played with Robert Neville who we are glad to see has recovered from the nasty fall he took last season, and Jack Robinson; the fourth player was Shorty Knox an American who will be well remembered for the famous Aurora team which he sponsored in 1934.

Billy Wallace, no longer pursuing his theatrical interests, will have time to re-form his Beechwood side with Harold Freeborn, Gerald Critchley and Andrew Craig Harvey.

Friar Park have a secret weapon for the medium goal in R. Ferguson, recently returned from the Canal Zone with the Life Guards. He is the son of Andrew Ferguson, before the war the backbone of the Life Guards team.

Alistair Gibb's "Cotswold" side is expected to be in the running for many of the cups.

The low goal teams have also increased in number, which is excellent, and we are especially glad to welcome a team of 10th Hussars under the able leadership of Major-General David Dawnay.

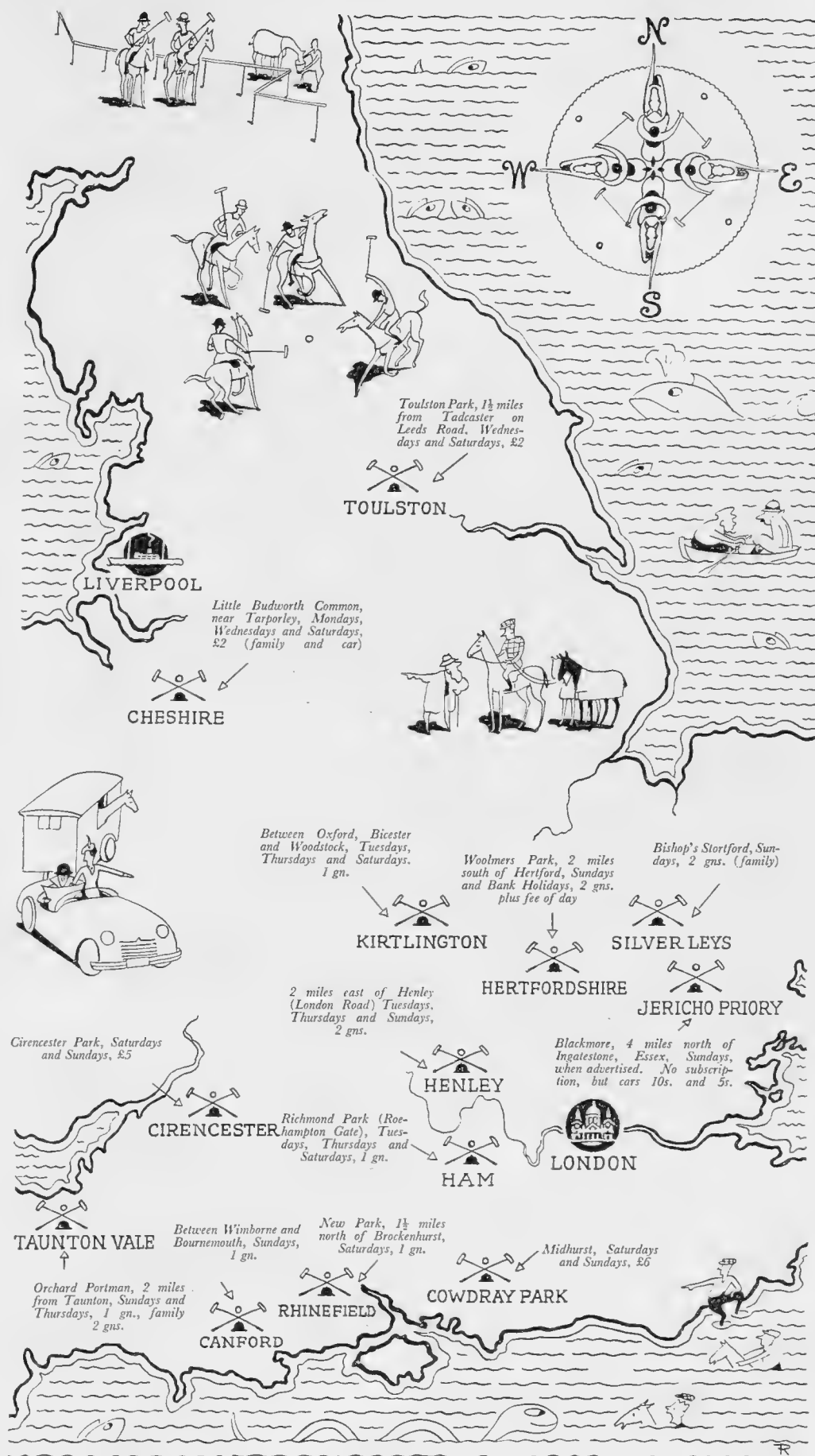
POONIES are still hard to find and the training of young ones is a constant problem. From the few experts now to be found, Cowdray are lucky in having the services of Harold Freeborn, not only a most useful player but a really brilliant horseman. Hanut Singh has his faithful orderly Bukshi, who has schooled for him for many years, and no one knows more. How Horne, who schools Archie David's Friar Park ponies, competes with the numbers and turns out such perfectly trained ponies plus the stable management side, is a mystery to all. Billy Whitbread who bought Jack Nelson's famous string after the Coronation season has Harold Thomason, who was Master of the Horse to Sir Harold Wernher, to school for him. Cirencester has Capt. Sturt, late of the 3rd Carabiniers.

The difficulty of importing ponies from the Argentine is always a stumbling block, but Johnnie Bennetts, the ex-international Argentine player and brilliant umpire, who is now living in England, has arranged to import some ponies from Chile for Evelyn de Rothschild and Douglas Riley Smith, who has recently returned from Rome where he played in the Woolmers Park team who were so successful in winning six out of seven tournament games. Their arrival home with their newly acquired cups gave trouble to the Customs authorities who were investigating a robbery!

By the gracious consent of the Queen, polo will be played on Smiths Lawns in Windsor Park during Ascot week. A medium goal tournament and a high goal exhibition match will be played after the racing, with the final on Saturday.

It would be wrong to finish an article of this kind without expressing our gratitude to all those who work so hard to produce such lovely grounds each season. Country polo in England is a sight we may well be proud of and though nature provides much of the beauty, a great deal of work and organization is entailed.

Finally, a word about the polo wives. They fall roughly speaking into two categories, those who graciously present the cups and subsequently enjoy the contents with the winners, and those who nobly stand on the line with a keen eye for broken sticks and proffer glasses of water (we hope) between chukkas. We leave it to the reader to differentiate—but anyway they all deserve deep sympathy for the anxiety they endure.



POLO GEOGRAPHY. A map showing the location of the principal clubs in this country, their days of play and their annual subscription (non-playing). As will be seen, there is plenty of room for expansion of activity in the Midlands and North of England

Roundabout

Paul Holt



Glen Williams

"Are two wives better than one? . . .
I think, myself, that I would be terrified"

I HAVE been spending some time, the past few days, with Mr. Danny Kaye, the entertainer, who has returned to London.

He does not like to be called a comedian for, he says, the comicality in his performance comes naturally and by accident. By accident is right, for I was watching him rehearse his new jollities and he did not know just exactly how each sally at humour would turn out. Although he knew, very well, just how he wanted the mechanics of the stage to be set.

He is an unusual man, for he is a natural clown, wearing a funny hat and making odd gestures, so breaking the pattern of living most successfully, yet at the same time he gives me the impression of an executive who will not be brooked.

He was telling me about his greatest problem.

COMICS (a word he hates) are nowadays regarded as public figures. In a way, they are like politicians. That never happened in the old days. Marie Lloyd, the greatest, used to take a glass of stout before going on to the stage at the Tivoli in the Strand, make the public laugh, and then go home to Golders Green content that her day's work was done. But nowadays it is different, for a comic is expected to contribute something else. He is expected to be a humanitarian and to make people feel good when off the stage as well as when on.

When first Mr. Kaye came to London, a place he loves, he was a toast of the town.

Hosts and hostesses did not ask him to their houses simply because they knew he would sing for his supper, but because they liked his company, too. And it was fun, then.

He taught Princess Margaret how to dance the can-can and fascinated the folk he met by his natural vitality. But now he has another task to do. Because of his fame he has to give a good deal of his time to good works.

The task of an entertainer is hard, though rewarding.

During the recent election contest some of the most vigorous propagandists have been the anarchists. They have been more violent than the Liberals in pleading their cause. And what they have been saying, by pamphlet and door to door bell-ringing, is that nobody should have voted at all, because every one of the existing political parties live by out-worn ideas.

But it seems to me that such an argument is like a kitten unravelling a ball of wool. It's fun to do it; but what have you got when it's done?

A tangle that has to be unravelled again.

★ ★ ★

THIS is just about another anniversary of D-Day, when we breached the defences of Normandy. The greatest moment of that day, to my recollection, was when a laundry van got into the queue for embarkation and was pushed aboard a landing craft. It was carefully



Glen

"... actors on the stage taking
great puffs from a cigarette"

tucked in and just as carefully disembarked on the other shore. But when it was discovered that it was not a weapon of war it was sent back and everybody in the Southampton area got their laundry back again.

It was late, but intact and clean.

I was most interested, that day, by the way the citizens of England behaved. There were tanks all along the roads and the men at arms were breakfasting and shaving while they waited in the queue to go abroad. But all the householders went about their work as though nothing was happening at all.

Children went to school, mothers went shopping and fathers with their brief cases were off to work. A tank outside the door?

Nobody noticed.

★ ★ ★

MR. MOHAMMED ALI, the Pakistani Prime Minister, has assured the Pakistan League for Women's Rights that he will treat his two wives equally and the organization has called off its threat of boycott, which could be a serious condition.

But now Mr. Ali is faced by another threat.

The Karachi Young Men's League has put up posters supporting Mr. Ali's second marriage. "Revolt against Islamic Tradition" is the slogan.

"The campaign against polygamy is an insult to Islamic traditions and the precepts of the Holy Prophet," it says.

They also say "Stop this nonsense" and complain about "destroying moral values by taking to the Western way of life."

Are two wives better than one?

The precept of the Holy Prophet has its virtues, for it is plain common thinking that if you have two wives they will have so much to talk to each other about that a man may be left in peace. It gives them both company and they can both decide between themselves that while one in the kitchen is better than the other, the other may have a charm which is paramount in the business of handling a man.

I think, myself, that I would be terrified by two wives, for they would almost certainly join forces against me, however much they liked me. But the problem goes deeper than such selfishness.

If you had the wit to pick two wives who got along well together you might be able to live a contented life.

★ ★ ★

Now at the end of the football season the British players are travelling the Continent again, once more encountering rough tactics.

Should we complain?

When a small Spanish or Austrian boy cries when he is kicked or buffeted at the game his companions laugh and say, "Oh, you're being English!"

We taught them these games and if they have turned them into something different from what we invented, we should take it their way. Football wasn't always a gentleman's occupation and if it seems to us to be so now, that is an illusion. Players have crowded the field in this country within recent memory and savagery has been done.

Bottles were thrown at the Test team in the West Indies and it is almost certain that Rocky Marciano butted Don Cockell in his stomach. But Cockell knew that was going to happen before he went there, so why did he go?

If we want to keep it our way, the way it is today, we should keep to ourselves and not shout "foul" every time something happens to our disadvantage abroad.

We never shout the word when we win.

★ ★ ★

ONE of the things I hate most is to go to a theatre where you are not allowed to smoke, and see the actors on the stage taking great puffs from a cigarette which the programme says has been supplied by a famous tobacco maker.

But the other night the frustration became greater, for at a play I saw Mr. Nigel Patrick, an actor of some renown, smoking a great curved pipe with such gusto I could not bear the insult. Mr. Patrick's performance was particularly good, but his puffing was intolerable.

★ ★ ★

THERE is a great enthusiasm for Greta Garbo just now. Her film of *Camille* has been revived, and we have seen fragments of her pictures on TV.

Off the stage she was, and is, "mischievous," and she loves to invent pseudonyms for herself, to deceive her admirers.

Her favourite was Harriet Brown. When Ivor Novello went to Hollywood they got on like a house on fire, but he always had to call her Miss Brown. After a while he spoke to her sternly one day, saying that he thought he knew her well enough now and could he call her Harriet?

She roared with laughter and said he could.



SIR KENNETH BARNES, retiring Principal of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art (right) is shown here with his successor Mr. John Fernald. It is impossible to compute the debt which the theatre in this country owes to Sir Kenneth in his record-breaking forty-six years in Gower Street—with an interlude for Army service overseas throughout World War One—and for a generation the West End stage has been brilliant with the stars he has kindled. He had the satisfaction of seeing the Academy's own Vanbrugh Memorial Theatre for student performances become a reality during his last year of office, thus setting a triumphant seal upon his work. Mr. Fernald, a most distinguished producer, was himself for six years on the R.A.D.A. teaching staff, leaving it to join the R.N.V.R. where he became a Lieutenant-Commander in command of a Landing Craft Tank flotilla. Recently he has been Theatre Director at the Arts Theatre, and there is no doubt that he will continue most worthily the tradition set up by Sir Kenneth

FIVE DÉBUTANTES WITH JUNE DANCES

FIVE of the 1955 débutantes who are having dances given for them in June this year are pictured here. The month, always one of the busiest of the London season, is this year more than ever packed with social events both in London and in the country, and promises to be a gay one



Yevonde

Miss Hermione Faulkner, daughter of the Countess of Dundee, and the late Col. Faulkner, is to be presented to H.M. the Queen at Holyrood Palace in June. Her family's beautiful Scottish home is at Birkhill, Cupar, Fife



Yevonde

The Hon. Caroline Hawke is the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Hawke, who live near Horsham, Sussex. She is being presented at the July Courts. Her father is the 9th baron, and has held important government appointments



Fayer

Miss Jane Cely-Trevilian is the eldest daughter of Major and Mrs. Cely-Trevilian, of Middelney Manor, Langport, Somerset. She is sharing a dance with Miss Victoria Buxton at her parents' home in this very lovely part of the West Country



Pearl Freeman

Miss Cynthia Butterworth, only daughter of Mr. W. W. Butterworth, American Minister in London, and Mrs. Butterworth, is having a dance given for her by Mrs. Winthrop W. Aldrich, wife of the Ambassador, at Winfield House, Regent's Park



Fayer

Miss Elsabe Whetstone, elder daughter of Brig. and Mrs. James Whetstone, of The Wilderness, Kelmarsh, Northamptonshire, is having a dance given for her with Miss Virginia Wait in the Oak Room at Hampton Court Palace next week



Barry Swaabe

A June Dance for Miss Cayzer

MISS NICHOLA CAYZER, elder daughter of Sir Nicholas Cayzer, Bt., and Lady Cayzer, was presented at the March Courts this year. Her father, the second baronet, is also heir apparent to his kinsman, Sir James Cayzer, Bt. Miss Cayzer, for whom her mother is giving a dance at Claridge's on June 7, is here sitting under a painting by Peter Casteels in her parents' flat in Eaton Square





Sir Geoffrey Cory-Wright, Bt.

Wife of Lord Remnant's Heir

THE HON. MRS. JAMES REMNANT, who was one of the prettiest débutantes of her year, married the Hon. James W. Remnant, only son of Lord Remnant, in 1953. They have a son, Philip John, born last December, and live in London. Mrs. Remnant is the daughter of Cdr. Clive Loehnis, C.M.G., R.N. (retd.), and Mrs. Loehnis



A HORN SOUNDS BY THE STREAM

MR. JORROCKS told the keeper in Regent's Park that, if he had his way, he would strike summer out of the almanack. It interfered with fox-hunting. But the true lovers of hound work get their hunting all the year round by spending summer days with the otter-hounds.

Jorrocks could have done it, too. For otter-hunting is the oldest organised form of sport with packs of hounds hunting by scent in this country. Henry II. appointed Roger Follo "King's Otter-hunter" in 1175, and from that time until the death of Charles II. the Kings and Queens of England regularly maintained a pack of otter-hounds.

When Royal patronage ceased, sporting squires formed private packs, and from these are descended the committee hunts of modern times.

The Royal Family is still interested in the sport. The Queen, like her grandfather, George V., is a subscriber to the Eastern Counties Otter-Hounds, and this pack hunts the Sandringham waters by her permission.

To-day, when otters have been taking their toll of salmon, trout or ornamental duck,

*The Owner mourns
Th'unpeopled Rivulet, and gladly hears
The Huntsman's early Call, and sees with Joy
The jovial Crew, that marches upon its Banks
In gay Parade . . .*

just as he did when William Somerville wrote his poem on otter-hunting in 1735.

INDEED, to see the followers of the Eastern Counties Otter-Hounds in their blue-and-red uniforms moving against the pastel background of the Suffolk marshes, or the green-and-white of the Courtenay Tracy on the banks of a chalk stream in Wiltshire, or the grey pot-hats and scarlet coats of the Culmstock in the wooded valleys of Devon, is to watch an eighteenth-century sporting print come to life.

And it is one of the delights of otter-hunting that it leads to quiet waters and hidden valleys which even the local country-folk rarely visit. There are coverts in the Breckland of Suffolk—they are more like jungles in midsummer—where no man sets foot from one visit of the otter-hounds to the next.

THE otter is the wildest and fiercest of our native animals. His habit of lying in an impregnable "holt" and his skill in swimming swiftly and silently under water make the otter harder to find and harder to hunt than a fox. Most of the thirteen packs in this country use foxhounds, but pure-bred rough-coated otter-hounds are to be found in the kennels of the Dumfriesshire and the Kendal and District Hunts.

There is no finer sight on an English June day than a pack of hounds swimming in full cry behind an otter invisible beneath the surface of the willow-shaded stream. And since the otter is in his element and the hounds are not, the odds are more than two to one against a kill.

—Eric Bennett



Victor Yorke

WITH THE COURTENAY TRACY OTTER-HOUNDS

THIS famous pack of otter-hounds, which met recently at Hurn Court, Holdenhurst, hunts over a very large area—the whole of Wilts, Hants, Dorset, the Isle of Wight and parts of Surrey. The pack was formed in 1887 by Mr. Courtenay Tracy, and is now under the Joint-Mastership of Mr. A. Wadsworth, Lt.-Col. Humphreys and Mr. C. H. Harris. Hounds and followers are seen setting off from the South Lodge of Hurn Court for the day's sport. Last season the pack successfully accounted for 37 otters



Mlle. VICTOIRE DE MONTESQUIOU FEZENSAC (above) and her younger sister Veronique are the two beautiful daughters of the Duc and Duchesse de Montesquiou Fezensac. Mlle. Victoire spent some time last year in this country, where she has many friends. Mlle. Veronique (below), who went to school in England, made her debut this year. They live with their parents at Neuilly s/Seine



F. J. Goodman

Priscilla in Paris

Singing in the bath

ON a recent morning I opened my paper with the usual trepidation, but, to my astonished joy, all was well. Indeed, not for quite a while had the head-lines been so reassuring: An important treaty signed. Optimism while awaiting an Agreement. Radicals relaxed and reasonable. M. le Président and Mme. Coty (in a hat trimmed with daisies) off to Denmark by sea! Not a single taxi-driver coshed by schoolboys.

No photograph of the Big Bomb. A dearth of hold-ups. Not a whisper of North African troubles, not even a murderer let off with a few kind words of warning not to do it again! I sang in my bath and, later, rang up a friend in order to do a little community rejoicing. "Yes!" snarled the friend, "that's all very fine and lovely, but turn to the financial page and have a squint at the Stock Market!" Strange, is it not, how some people like to dash one's spirits. However, since I have no holding on the S.M. the dashing was bearable!

THE curtain—or should I say, shutters—has gone up on the annual display in the shop windows of the rue du faubourg St. Honoré, and the Bond Street of Paris has become an illustrated volume of fairy tales. These *Personnages Imaginaires* of all times, represented by exquisitely—as well as amusingly—dressed puppets in appropriate décors, delight children and grown-ups alike. The immense crowds that are attracted to the somewhat narrow thoroughfare add considerably to the traffic problem, but it is probable that even traffic jams are good for trade.

The *personnage* "imagined" by Yvonne de Brémond D'Ars, the well-known antiquarian who specialises in the seventeenth century and who owns a unique collection of books and documents of that period, is Bluebeard's wife. The miniature chairs, chests and bibelots of the salon in Bluebeard's castle are authentic toys, having belonged to children in the days when the story was written. Authentic also the material of the dresses and curtains. While Sister Anne and "a friend" are busily ransacking the costly contents of a treasure-chest in the salon the young wife is seen in the cold, dark, stone cellar below. Dimly lighted by the lantern she carries, key in hand she hesitates outside the fateful door. Very kindly Yvonne de Brémond D'Ars spares our feelings. We are not shown the pallid, blood-stained corpses!

Another charming display, imagined with great apropos, by a famous shoemaker, is



that of the little mermaid gazing, with envy, at an exquisite pair of jewelled shoes. A bookseller advertises Pierre Daninos' extremely imaginary "Major Thompson," but all that remains of the illustrations are the Major's bowler hat, umbrella and bottle of whisky.

SIMONE BERRIAU's party to celebrate Yves Mirande's eightieth birthday was quite an affair. Some time ago Spinelly wrote to me from her lovely home in the Pyrenees, saying: "... and Mama is a gay little grig of 84!" The term applies equally well to Mirande. Although many of the comedies he has written have had funereal settings, he is one of the gayest and most amusing grigs one can meet.

When I first knew him he was married to the famous modiste "Jane," of the rue Royale. His one-act play, *Un Petit Trou pas Cher*, was—and probably would be now, if revived—the talk of Paris. The "inexpensive little hang-out" being a family vault in the cemetery of the Père Lachaise. A playboy, the last of the family, down on his luck, elects to live there. On this macabre idea Yves Mirande built the funniest of his many amusing plays. The party was given at the Théâtre Antoine that Mme. Berriau manages with such tactful competence. Yves Mirande, hero of the evening, was garlanded with roses, and with all due ceremony Paul Abram, director of the Paris Conservatoire, presented him with a post-office savings book that showed a first entry of 500 frs. "to start him off on his second youth!"

EXCURSIONS and alarms at the Théâtre Antoine, as well as a birthday party: M. Jean-Paul Sartre's new play *Nekrassof*, a satire on "the Press," is in rehearsal. The date announced for the première is long past, and changes are still being made both in the cast and the manuscript. Despite many amputations, its four acts and eleven tableaux will take at least four hours to perform.

M. Sartre calls his satire a "farce" and the quaking Press hopes for the best! Probably it will have to wait till September, for whoever heard of an "important" première taking place in June! Brother Existentialists, possess your hearts with patience.

Le mot de la fin!

● "Well," said Mirande cheerfully to the guests at his eightieth birthday party, "I hope you'll be as numerous at my funeral!"



Cecil Beaton

Of Scottish birth,

Now living in France

The Comtesse François De Bourbon-Busset

The Comtesse François de Bourbon-Busset is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alec Balfour, of Pilrig, Scotland, and her mother was formerly the Comtesse Marie-Amelie d'Harcourt. Her husband owns, as well a beautiful 18th-century home in the Rue de Lille, and a medieval chateau, Busset, near Vichy

At the Theatre

Experiment in hypnosis

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood



THE THREE ANGELS MAKE THEIR BOW : Marie Louise Dulay (Elvi Hale), whose romantic life is seriously affected by the well-meaning ministrations of Alfred (Nigel Stock), a romantic homicide ; Joseph (Ronald Shiner), ex-financial wizard, and Jules (George Rose), a wife-murderer

THE playgoer is so constituted that if his ribs are properly tickled he becomes morally unshockable. M. Albert Husson's *La Cuisine des Anges*, admirably translated as *My Three Angels* by Mr. and Mrs. Sam Spewack, will go on for a long while filling the Lyric Theatre with audiences happy to condone a couple of cold-blooded murders for the sake of a subtly-turned joke.

The rib-tickling is done gently but expertly : our sides are not split with laughter, but we are set smiling and continue to smile more and more contentedly. It is a comedy that keeps the mind awake.

The scene is a French penal colony where a good-natured little shopkeeper who gives his customers indefinite credit and hesitates to sell what he recognises would be a bad bargain for the customer, is on the brink of ruin. He is awaiting the arrival of an ill-natured relative who has financed him and is sure to call him to a stern reckoning.

HE dreads the visit less on his own account than on that of his daughter, who is pitifully in love with a young man who is the hard-fisted relative's heir and toady. An undesirable marriage, he thinks, and in any case, not one likely to take place. However, it is Christmas, and hospitably he invites the three convicts he has hired to mend the roof of the shop to spend the happy time with him and his family.

Two of the convicts are murderers, the third is doing a long term for business crookery, but these violent men all have exquisite manners and they are all greatly touched by the little shopkeeper's friendly gesture. As accomplished eavesdroppers, they already know about the family worries and decide to make them their own.

Altruism perhaps comes easy to men who only formally pretend to themselves that they still hope to escape. When the grasping capitalist

and the mean-spirited heir arrive they turn out to be worse than anybody had feared : indeed, they are clean out of the fruitiest of old Victorian melodramas.

No matter how the worldly-wise stack the cards, there is no double-crossing such an arrant villain as the capitalist ; and so they produce quite as a matter of course the ace from the sleeve. In other words, they release Adolphe, the poison snake they keep caged as a pet, into the Gradgrinds' bedroom ; with results which would be altogether happy if next morning they could find the snake.

There is a delightful scene while they are nervously but unobtrusively looking for Adolphe, who is apt, as one of them remarks, to be a little unselective when it comes to biting. And they are overjoyed when the young man comes across Adolphe when he

is characteristically searching his dead uncle's pockets.

For the sake of the girl the angels have encouraged this young man's midnight love-making, but they have no doubts about his unsuitability as her husband. They are not in the least disturbed that their heroine's lover should stagger into the garden to die. Since she believes that he loved her, she will very properly grieve a little for him, but their philosophy tells them that such a pretty girl will not long lack a lover and he cannot well be worse than the one she has lost.

The distinctive thing about this polished little comedy is that the author contrives to make us like the convicts without glossing-over their criminal record. No. 1444, played by Mr. George Rose, feels pity which is without a shade of remorse for the wife he has strangled. No. 6222, played by Mr. Nigel Stock, cannot help imagining himself as the lover the girl might have won if he had not put himself out of the running by killing his father ; but his imagining is wholly free from sentimentality. The regrets of both men are nicely balanced between humour and sentiment. The playing, in each case, is on all counts impeccable.

MR. RONALD SHINER is one of those immensely likeable comedians who can keep a bad play running. When they are in a good play they are often supposed to upset its balance. The third convict obviously has been conceived by the author as a wicked wizard of finance, a connoisseur of wine and a specialist in the ways of the great world. Mr. Shiner makes him a comic Cockney. This travesty ought to matter a good deal but the likeability of Mr. Shiner is such that it does not matter much. Mr. Cyril Luckham is delightful as the kindly, improvident shopkeeper, and Mr. Wallace Douglas's direction, though it cannot get round Mr. Shiner, is otherwise excellent.



THE LION AND THE LAMB : Gaston Lemare (Hugh Manning), who pays dearly at the hands of the three avenging angels for bullying his gentle brother, Felix Dulay (Cyril Luckham)



Angus McBean

ELIZABETH SELLARS is co-starring with Nigel Patrick in Liam O'Brien's comedy *The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker*, at the New Theatre; the story is about a family in which the husband is discovered to be a bigamist. This light-hearted affair has Hugh Wakefield in the cast as a particularly fiery grandfather. Miss Sellars has recently appeared in the films *Three Cases of Murder*, *Désirée* and *The Prince of Players*, the latter two of which were made in America, during a lengthy visit to Hollywood. She was last on the West End stage in Basil Dean's production of *Hassan*

London Limelight

Time-diluted laughter

THE technique of the "double take" is understood by this generation so completely that the newer phrase "Gimmick" is rapidly replacing it. *The Boy Friend* (a gimmick) is an exercise in parody and is proving superbly successful, but *The Diary of a Nobody*, at the Duchess, is an example of the old-style "Double take," in this case the new Elizabethans laughing at the Victorians laughing at themselves. It is a trifle too lush to be digested, enriched by red pepper, sherry and cheese straws.

The play, just as it was at the Arts, is a contradiction in terms. Leslie Henson cannot be accounted a nobody; if he accentuates himself he is out of key—if he underplays he is letting the spirit of the evening down.

Mr. Basil Dean, part adaptor and producer, has presented the irresistible force to the immovable object, and the result, as might be deduced, is an impasse not wholly entertaining.

What remains of the original Du Maurier story retains its period charm, and the best of it is still Mr. Alan MacNaughton's Burwin Fossleton, direct from the scented and yellowing pages of the era when Little Billee was young and tragic and Trilby had a page-boy bob before the film stars discovered that head-dress.



THE POOTERS RAISE A TOAST. Hermione Baddeley and Leslie Henson as that indefatigable suburban couple, Mr. and Mrs. Pooter, in *The Diary of a Nobody*, at the Duchess Theatre

"INTO THIN AIR," at the Globe, provided one interesting problem. It was by no count a great evening's entertainment, depending upon a single joke, that of an amiable nonentity discovering that he could become invisible at will. This was the one situation for the producer, Mr. Kanin, to consider throughout the performance.

Now in the design of the set, Mr. Stewart Chaney provided one of those modern New York interiors which included a large bamboo screen, centre upstage. Here was the ideal setting for a simple stage illusion. Mr. Peter Salis had reduced his personality and his suiting to this particular unaccentuated shade: he had only to stand against it to become almost invisible and any good stage illusionist could have done the rest. Thereafter this existing screen and carefully arranged microphones could have made the hero's presence heard and felt.

Since the one joke of the evening had such a tenuous hold, a small elaboration might have given it stronger comic grip: no audience can resist a repeated joke based on an illusion. As it was, a very competent company made us laugh, but not often enough and not for long enough.

—Youngman Carter



"JUPITER'S DARLING" is a musical version of Robert E. Sherwood's play *The Road to Rome*, and concerns the famous general of antiquity, Hannibal (Howard Keel), who in this instance has his mind diverted from the attack on Rome by beautiful Amytis (Esther Williams), fiancée of Fabius Maximus (George Sanders). Above: She is seen propelling Hannibal across a river because, in spite of his many conquests and accomplishments, the conqueror apparently could not swim. The film is in CinemaScope and colour.

At the Pictures

Tale worthy of Homer

THE British film industry can be proud of *The Dam Busters*. I think it is our finest war film yet and a splendid tribute to Wing-Commander Guy Gibson, V.C., and the pilots and scientists whose joint devotion brought off the greatest bombing stroke of the last war, the breaching of the Möhne and Eder Dams.

It has everything, to my mind, that such a film requires. There is a ready-made story of skill and courage which could not be bettered in fiction. There is good casting and excellent acting from Michael Redgrave and Richard Todd. The direction by Michael Anderson is sure and unobtrusive. Above all, there is a clean, economical script.

R. C. SHERRIFF's script is the key. Here, at last, is recognition that Service people on operations talk mostly—if they talk at all—about the job in hand and are not always making music-hall jokes about the rations or "the missus." It is curious that it had to be Sherriff, a veteran of the 14-18 war, who broke this tiresome script-writers' convention.

The story of the dam-busters is now a bright page in our history. Purely to document the matter would make a stirring film. But this film goes further and better than that. Without departing from the truth it marshals the facts in their dramatic order so that the film also stands as a film on its own technical merits.

We are in on the operation from its birth. Back-room scientist Dr. Barnes Wallis is convinced that he can design a bomb which will destroy the massive, heavily-protected dams. In this part Michael Redgrave gives an excellent, well-studied portrait of the dedicated scientist who can transform his backyard into a laboratory with the aid of a bathtub, some golf balls and bits of string manipulated by his family. The early part of the film concerns the battle of this enthused boffin against the indifference of Whitehall authorities. Finally he wins and is given all facilities to go ahead.

At this point Gibson and his squadron

enter the picture. Gibson's problems are to find a method of flying low and accurately enough to drop the bomb effectively. There is dramatic suspense as these two men, Wallis and Gibson, working on parallel courses, gradually overcome the difficulties in the theoretical and practical fields against the threat of a relentlessly approaching zero-day.



RICHARD TODD as the late W/Cdr. Guy Gibson, V.C., who led this historic raid, and Michael Redgrave as Dr. Barnes Wallis, the scientist who made the bomb

It is a mark of Mr. Sherriff's skill that these scientific and aeronautical problems are made simple enough to be intelligible to backward adults like me.

The climax is, of course, the raid itself which occupies the last half-hour of the film. It is reconstructed with considerable photographic and editing skill and is, I presume, accurate. There are no heroics and no glorification of war and destruction. It is just brave men doing a courageous job of work in a calm, professional way.

I FOUND Richard Todd's performance as Gibson thoroughly satisfactory. I did not know Gibson but this portrait seems true, anyway, to type. Todd shows him as a quiet, purposeful fellow whose gift for command lay in his knowledge of his work and his knowledge of his men.

Praise is due to Associated British Pictures, Elstree Studios and Executive

Producer Robert Clark for making this film. This is a new venture for them into the realm of the important, prestige film which deserves welcome.

ONE of the blessings of the modern film industry has been Walt Disney's refusal to grow up. This happy deficiency led him first to explore the animal world. Then he rummaged literature for kindred spirits and introduced to the screen R. L. Stevenson and Lewis Carroll. Now he has got his teeth into Jules Verne, doyen of science-fiction writers. Long may his backwardness continue.

Most of Verne's fantasies about underwater ships and flying platforms are now the commonplace furniture of everyday life. I have no idea what to-day's space-kids will make of him. But for Disney, Jules Verne's *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea* is as fresh, strange and exciting as when it was written 100 years ago.

With loving care he re-creates Verne's submersible boat with its wonderful array of mid-Victorian scientific paraphernalia. He rounds it off down to the red plush seats and antimacassars of Captain Nemo's cabin.

James Mason plays Nemo, the misanthropic genius of science who prefers to live under the sea rather than on land among detested mankind. Glowering, mysterious, autocratic, Mason ranges the depths of the Pacific sinking ships in CinemaScope.

Paul Lukas, Kirk Douglas and Peter Lorre are also aboard in Vernesque roles. But Verne's characters, one realises with a shock, are made of cardboard not much thicker than the heroes of to-day's science fiction.

It is all very good fun and superbly produced and photographed.

Most of Verne's highlights are there. We see the sea-bed funeral of Nemo's companion. There are hunting expeditions among sunken islands. Nemo plays Bach for us on his submarine organ. Dinner includes delicacies like unborn octopus, cream made from sperm-whale oil (lucky Dr. Summerskill never read of this!), cigars made from sea-weed.

We are thrilled by the battle with the giant octopus and delighted by Nemo's resource when he drives off the cannibal raiders, not with anything so trite as a death-ray, but with an electric shock.

—Dennis W. Clarke

Television

DANGEROUS CORNER?

—Freda Bruce Lockhart

NEXT to pure personality, TV's most vital need is for original authorship. So J. B. Priestley's human comedy for the television age will be awaited to-night with more than customary hope.

Priestley was one of the first Englishmen to master the technique of radio intimacy. He succeeded, too, in providing reasonably intelligent entertainment in the theatre. Might he not also put wit into TV. At least "You Know What People Are" starts to-night with an outstandingly witty cast, headed by Frances Rowe and her husband, Clive Morton, to enact Mr. Priestley's charades—presumably each with its moral.

ANOTHER occasion for hope to spring eternally in those breasts human enough to wish for light entertainment is a TV series "Bedlam with Braden." Long one of our more sophisticated radio comedians, Mr. Braden proved by his performance as the pianist in *Go Fall in Love*, by his fellow-Canadian Ted Allen, that he has the easy touch striven for by every TV personality. If he can transpose his radio success as superbly as the Goons did—unexpected, I admit, by me—in "Secombe Here," Light Entertainment may at last begin to entertain.

Ted Allen himself, most peripatetic and prolific if not yet most polished of playwrights, has another offering on Sunday night in *The Legend of Pepita*, story of an American's upheaval of a Mexican village.

To-night also starts another series of six programmes by that great accompanist Gerald Moore. Mr. Moore is so adept at a TV key-side chat that I hardly know why I am so irritated by his rather complacent scoffing at the voices which have made his name. I shall prefer to listen to-night to Claudio Arrau in Chopin's second concerto.

On Monday Christopher Mayhew, interrupted by the election and by many relevant diplomatic manoeuvres, resumes his study of the possibilities of "Peaceful Co-Existence?"



The gramophone

ALLEY'S NEW CLASSICS

WHILST movie stars, directors and what-have-you disport themselves annually at Cannes for what can only be classed as an orgy in celluloid, earlier in the year Tin Pan Alley has its own festival of popular music at San Remo.

The difference between the Cannes affair and

San Remo is that Cannes opens the gateway to a world-wide market, and San Remo, so far, has managed not to be cluttered up with too much trash.

For all that, San Remo offers keen competition to songwriters, and it is not only the prize-winning numbers that reach the ears of the *hoi-polloi*.

This year it was Ruccione and Fiorelli's "Buongiorno Tristezza" that gained first prize and it is sung with individual success by Luciano Tajoli (Parlophone PO. 214), Narciso Parigi (Parlophone DPP. 17), and Franco Ricci (Columbia DCQ. 85).

The second award went to "Il Torrente," by Lao Carmi and C. A. Liman. All three singers mentioned have recorded it, Ricci coupling his "Tristezza" with it, Tajoli singing it on Parlophone PO. 213, and Parigi on Parlophone DPP. 18.

BEST of all is the recording of "Il Torrente," by Giorgio Consolini. This exceptionally sensitive singer sets it down superbly. He backs his record with "Un Cuore," another San Remo competitor well worth remembering. (Parlophone DPQ. 77.) All these recordings have neatly balanced and intelligently arranged accompaniments, and it is pleasant relief to be able to select any of them with the knowledge that one is not going to be regaled by something produced from the latest trend in noise!

I believe the San Remo festival can contribute much that will raise the standard of taste in popular songs, at least those surviving this year's test point to that end.

I would add that each of the records mentioned is on the Special Order list.

—Robert Tredinnick



CYD CHARISSE as she appears in *Brigadoon*, the film version in CinemaScope and colour of the musical play that made such a success in London a few years ago. The picture also stars Gene Kelly and Van Johnson as the two Americans who stumble on the Scottish Highland village of Brigadoon, which only comes to life once in every 200 years. No person must ever leave Brigadoon or the spell would break and the village disappear for ever

THE EUROPEAN HORSE TRIALS AT WINDSOR

Jennifer writes:—The European Horse Trials held in Windsor Great Park, by gracious invitation of the Queen, were a great success and enjoyed by many thousands of spectators. No one took greater interest in the Trials than members of the Royal Family. On the opening morning, Her Majesty, with Prince Charles and Princess Anne, was an early arrival in the Royal box and sat with the Princess Royal, the Duke of Beaufort and Earl Fortescue, watching the opening phase of the dressage. The Queen Mother and Princess Margaret also came over from Royal Lodge to watch.

ALL were there again on the second day, and, in spite of heavy showers on the third day, the Queen, Prince Philip and their two children, wearing mackintoshes, were out in an open Land-Rover which Prince Philip drove for two or three hours going round the various jumps. They often got out and mingled informally with the crowd at the most exciting obstacles, much to the astonishment of visitors from overseas, who frequently found themselves beside this happy little family party.

Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, a member of the Jury of Appeal, was over for the four days. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester were present on one day and their elder son, Prince

William, like other young Etonians, was allowed out for a few hours one afternoon to watch the cross-country phase. This formidable course had 34 jumps, and it must have taken great courage to face such hazards as the cattle fence, the culvert, and the sand-pit, a terrifying obstacle with a very steep drop. It was a great feat on the part of the British team, Major Frank Weldon on Kilbarry, Major Lawrence Rook on Starlight XV., and Mr. A. E. Hill on Countryman III., to win the team event for Great Britain, with Switzerland second. Major Weldon and Kilbarry, who did so well in the cross-country section and ended with plus points, also won the prize for the best individual performance.

THE whole event needed a great amount of organisation and besides those I have mentioned, others who were helping to make it a success included Col. Sir Henry Abel Smith, Lt.-Col. Mike Ansell, Brig. P. E. Bowden-Smith, Col. Sir John Aird, Mr. Dorian Williams, who gave an excellent commentary, Lt.-Col. Gordon Cox-Cox, Col. Ferris St. George, whom I met collecting competitors to go into the ring; Lt.-Col. "Babe" Moseley, Major David Satow, Major Rhydian Llewellyn, who was judging at one of the jumps; and Mrs. Jimmy Palmer Tompkinson, doing splendid work tirelessly driving officials in her Land-Rover.



The Queen and Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother with Col. Sir Henry Abel Smith after watching the dressage

Lady Burghley, Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Mackintosh and Lord Burghley saw the finish of the cross-country course



Lt.-Col. Harry Llewellyn was talking to Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands before watching the show jumping

Miss Shirley Clifford, the youngest competitor in the Trials, with her sister, Miss Heather Clifford, checking their positions



Mr. Ian Dudgeon, the noted Irish rider, and Miss Penelope Moreton were two members of the Irish team competing





Mr. Bertie Hill, a member of the victorious British team, riding Countryman III., clears the firelogs obstacle in great style. This speed and endurance course, most strenuous of all the trials, was a supreme test for both horse and rider

*Photographs by
Desmond O'Neill*

Capt. A. Kristianstad Nyholm, of the Swedish team, and Mrs. H. Haard, who is the wife of one of his colleagues

Miss Jennifer Brocas Burrows and her mother, Mrs. Brocas Burrows, had just been along to see the show jumping

Major L. McGuinness and Mrs. George Marma, over from Canada with Lt.-Col. W. Lewicki. Both men were competing.



D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

SHAMED and embarrassed by the "silly costume" he is forced to wear, a youthful thinker who has just joined Her Majesty's Navy took the wrong step, we perceived, by howling about it to a picture-paper. He should have complained to some M.P. in the proper Service manner and let him (or preferably, her) raise hell for Democracy in the House.

Having been at some pains to look up the last edition (1951) of *Naval Ratings Handbook*, B.R. 1938, issued by the Admiralty to all ratings on enlistment, we find their Lordships have, rather significantly, nothing to say on this major issue, though they tell the new-fledged matlow a thousand other things, including how to drink Navy rum, whip a rope's end, and kill sandflies. The right place for the missing note comes obviously towards the end of Chapter II(3), immediately following the list of the nine kinds of Dress or Rig of the Day, orders for which are signalled daily to ships in company by the Senior Officer and piped at breakfast. The note might run:

IMPORTANT: *If any or all of the above-mentioned rigs embarrass you, dear sailor, write to Mrs. Busy, M.P., House of Commons, S.W.1, who will deal with it at once. But their Lordships rather hope you won't, because that terrible little sweetie scares them pink. Couldn't you please put up with it, if possible?*

Afterthought

THERE was no petite, dynamic La Busy to bounce up in behalf of sensitive sailors at question-time in Smollett's day, and one sighs to think of the bracing pages of *Roderick Random* one has missed in consequence. Exquisitely-modish Captain Whiffle of H.M.S. *Thunder* would have goaded that charmer into action frequently, one feels. From a Commons agenda, 1755:

(157) **MRS. BUSY** (Ind., Burpminfter): To ask the First Lord of the Admiralty whether the monfruous current naval practice of forbidding feamen the use of rouge, lipsttick, and face-wafh, as used by all fmart captains, is in accordance with the fpirit (etc., etc.).

The public-spirited sweetheart! Crusty old Smollett would have called her a (something) trull.

Cobber

AUSTRALIA'S No. 1 Bad Boy, Bushranger Ned Kelly, rides again in mystical glory, the critics report, in a landscape-series by an Australian painter now exhibiting in the West End.

So far as we remember from the nursery, when he was one of our inspirational heroes (and we still think we might have made a packet in the City if we weren't so scared of blondes), Bad Boy Kelly made America's most eminent Western thugs look amateurish by (a) combining consummate trigger-skill with a *grand seigneur* manner in scattering largesse, and (b) refusing all whisky which, when splashed on his shirt, didn't burn holes. Moreover he was up all his life against Australians. We ask you to ponder this. It implies perpetually annoying lean, brown, tough, highly-strung boys with whom few can fool about and stay alive: as somebody should have told Bp. Jardine when he went on the field in a funny cap at a Melbourne Test some years ago and was all but lynched.

From two very close Australian friends we learned that they have nevertheless a special kind of charm when they relax. One was a wellknown pianist who played like an angel. The other, after years of wrestling with kangaroos and tearing bad men in half, took to water-colour and verse. We expect Bushranger Kelly hadn't time to get round to discussing the arts quietly. What do you (*bang, bang*) think of Shelley's (*bang*) use of the semicolon in his (*bang, bang, bang*) late-middle period (*bang*)?

Boil

ANY citizen beefing petulantly to the papers (as lately) about the number of pins, clips, fasteners, sheets of cardboard, and tissue-paper wrappings he has to remove from his shirts on their return from the laundry is, a chap in close touch with the racket tells us, an un-English



twirp. Pure public spirit inspires this reverence for the Race's shirts, he affirms.

Nor are wrappings all. Even in the 1880's Swinburne's *Songs After Sunset* reveal the extent of the laundry boys' enthusiasm. Thus:

The Faithful Heart.

For better starch we boiled poor Flossie,
So now each shirtfront, stiff and glossy,
Reminds me of a tender wife . . .
The steamy side of laundry life!

And again:

Misconceptions.

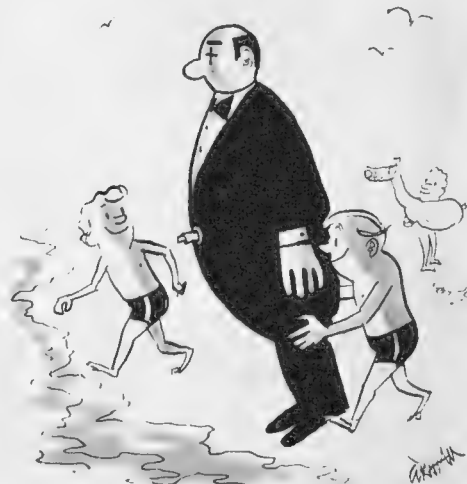
Was publicity the angle
When we put him through the mangle?
If he were not rolled so flat,
Uncle Fred might answer that.

Footnote

THIS latter incident, which made a front-page Press story, was stigmatised in a *Times* leader as "an unhealthy manifestation of the deplorable modern craving for advertisement at all costs"; which it was not, Uncle Fred having been put through simply owing to his sneers at the Race's rave for clean linen.

Dr. Johnson ("I have no passion for clean shirts") was on Uncle Fred's side here, but we think it is a beautiful and touching trait, and if you say it is death to great art (as in Chelsea), we say the hell with great art. "I think Art is frightful, etc.," confessed Miss Poopsy Givins, a wellknown model, yesterday.

BRIGGS ~~~~~ by Graham





The TATLER and Bystander,
JUNE 1, 1955
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Left: Mr. John Eckersley, Miss Gilian Rolls, the ball president, Miss Jennifer Warren and Mr. Kenneth Dean were in the gardens

Right: Mr. Gerald Barlow (Keble), Miss Barbara Rees, a ball committee member, Miss Sara La Bouchardire, Mr. John Bagaley (Keble), Miss Ann La Bouchardire and Mr. David Gibbons



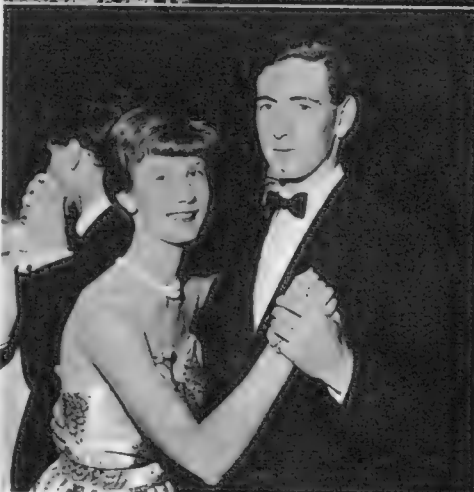
LADY MARGARET HALL

GAVE SUMMER DANCE

THE undergraduates of Oxford's oldest women's college held a very successful dance recently, which went on until midnight, with a break for a most entertaining cabaret given by undergraduates



Top left: Miss Margaret Harvey and Mr. Charles Lewis (Trinity Hall, Cambridge). Right: Miss Penelope Craig-Mooney and Mr. John Warburton (Pembroke). Lower left: Miss Isabel Chalk waltzing with Mr. John Davenport. Right: Miss Beatrice Hale was being partnered by Mr. James Milford (Magdalen)



Left: Mr. Ralph Rolls (St. Peter's Hall), Miss Marigold Brierly, Miss Judy Rolls and Mr. Hugh Talbott (St. Peter's Hall) in the floodlit gardens of the College

Right: Mr. Ben Travers, Miss Margaret Slater, Miss Pauline Gosling and Mr. Dick Colville (Pembroke) were having refreshments in the supper room



At The Races

THE CHOICE WAS
DIFFICULT

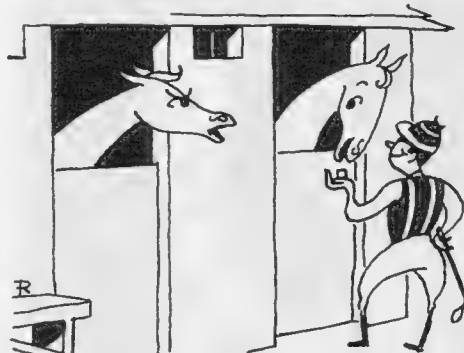
THERE are always a host of "ifs" and "an's" about the Derby, or, in fact, about any race anywhere, whether on the flat or over any kind of obstacles, but in this year's race the "ifs," and so forth, looked a bit more conspicuous than usual, because we had a field, few of which had any really solid performances behind them. It looked almost the same case as that which a wicked man once said defeated him: "Fourteen bloomin' Captins riding and all of 'em trying! How can you bet?" A nice-looking lot of colts, but still the old saying, handsome is as handsome does, holds good.

Acropolis, a *faute de mieux* favourite, had no public form, bar a solo performance in the Newmarket Stakes in which he put up very good time. But winning against the watch is very different from winning against a field of horses, and, although he went a right good gallop, many people distrusted him. He showed no sign of that bone-laziness, which we know is his weak point, and on his ancestral record and make and

shape he looked more like Doncaster's dead-flat course than Epsom's hills and hollows; good enough for anything, if as good as he looked! No one could be really sure.

THE cattle rancher and the cowboy, as presented to us by the cinema, are not a bit like the real article, and for this both America and the world at large ought to be truly thankful! Those of us who saw that Rodeo show at Wembley, so many years ago, know that the chaps who rode those bucking broncs were men, and not just movie actors! No matter how those horses were made to buck—and there was an artificial aid in some cases—they really bucked just as badly as some of us know a real Australian "outlaw" can, quite unassisted by that cord put on where it should not have been.

The Waler needed no such encouragement,



nor do some of the performers we meet in Edmund Randolph's attractive book, *Don't Fence Them In* (William Heinemann; 18s.). They buck either because they don't like the scent of the chap who is going to ride them, or because they believe that they can buck themselves out of their saddles! I heard that an Australian remount once actually brought this off, and I can easily credit it, for from my own limited experience I know that the jolt you got nearly broke your neck.

IN this book there is a description of a ride in a blizzard; temperature anything from 40 to 70 below; and there is also cited the instance of the crook gambler who just went out of doors for a breath of air, fell down and was frozen to death, and so stiff that they had a great job even to get him on to a pack horse. At first glance I thought that the title of Edmund Randolph's book was non-descriptive; but having read it, I take that back. Some of the characters—and they are all drawn from life—would take a bit of "fencing in" at any time, and their portraits are very vivid indeed.

The Americanisms I find attractive; but how do you "wrangle" a horse, and what are "horse-wranglers"? I think we have plenty of them (or should I say "rafts") on our side of the world, but how about the other expression? It is such an interesting book, because it is all true, and I make the author a deep salaam for having written it.

—SABRETACHE



POLO AT PHENIX PARK. For the first time since the war a London polo team, the Silver Leys, played an all-Ireland team. They lost to Ireland in the Ladies' Cup. Above: Mr. Jack Leonard, captain of Ireland, receiving the trophy from Mrs. Michael Lindsay. Right: Mr. Jack Trail (Silver Leys) and Brig. B. Fowler, who scored three Ireland goals. Below left: The Marquess of Waterford, who plays with the Irish team, and Mrs. Bryan Fowler. Below right: Mr. John McGuire and Miss Jean Patatimidis



IRISH 2000 GUINEAS AT THE CURRAGH

MAJOR STEPHEN VERNON is seen below with his wife, Lady Ursula Vernon, who is holding the Irish 2000 Guineas trophy which had been won by her Hugh Lupus at this important Irish meeting. Right: Rae Johnstone on Hugh Lupus being led into the enclosure after the race



Mrs. Wingfield, Brig. Anthony Wingfield, D.S.O., the breeder from Co. Westmeath, and Lady Stafford-King-Clarman from Co. Roscommon



Mrs. Peter Fitzgerald from Adare, Co. Limerick, Mrs. Rex King and Lady Olein Wyndham-Quin, who is the sister of the Earl of Dunraven



Mrs. Frank Vickerman, the owner of Nickerapier, which ran in the big race, was with her daughter, Miss Brenda Vickerman, and Mr. Frank Vickerman



Mr. Roderick More O'Ferrall, Mr. P. J. Prendergast, the Co. Kildare trainer, and Mrs. More O'Ferrall, who has just registered her colours with the Irish Turf Club





In "THE MATING INSTINCT," Lorus J. Milne and Margery J. Milne (Robert Hale: 15s.), eminent zoologists of the New Hampshire University, have written an erudite and intriguing book on sexual behaviour in the animal kingdom from a natural scientist's point of view. These two illustrations from the book are drawn by Olaus J. Murie



Book Reviews

by

Elizabeth Bowen

NOVELIST WITH A GRAND DESIGN

To embark on a novel-sequence requires more—that is, of the author—than to write a novel which finishes with its final page. The extended design offers greater scope; but he must be sure that it is a large design. He must take a long-term view of his characters, whose fortunes are to be followed through chance and change for, it may be, any number of years. And the characters must be interesting in themselves, so that the reader is glad when they reappear.

Happily, Anthony Powell has what is needed. *THE ACCEPTANCE WORLD* (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.) now comes to us, being the third volume in the sequence he has called "The Music of Time." It links up perfectly with its predecessors, *A Question of Upbringing* and *A Buyer's Market*. In its own right, I am not sure that it is not the most excellent of the three—but this may be because its dramas and ironies are enhanced by our knowing what went before them.

One or two new persons are introduced—Mrs. Erdleigh, for instance, comes gliding in to Uncle Giles's tea-party in Bayswater, Quiggin beetles into the Ritz in

his leather coat—but mostly we meet a number of former friends whose peculiarities continue to absorb us. These peculiarities (with the exception of Uncle Giles's) lie, in several cases, some way under the skin: Mr. Powell's people are "interesting" thanks to his way of seeing—outwardly, some could be called conventional, and a lesser novelist might have passed them by. Some are social, some are artistic, some are political. They are representative denizens of the London world of 1931-32, the period of the "great depression."

JENKINS, the narrator, and his contemporaries are by now in their middle or late twenties. He, with his Eton friends Templer and Stringham and the ever-egregious Widmerpool (memorable since *A Question of Upbringing*), are in a mood for taking life as it comes: early experimentalism is past. Templer's half-hearted marriage collapses before our eyes; Stringham's already has been a failure. Jenkins meets again, by chance, Templer's sister Jean, and the two fall in love and have an affair—whose emotional climate and tensions are brilliantly pictured. Communism (though still in its pre-war form) is represented by two self-seeking bores.

The Walpole-Wilsons—whose debutante dinner party we attended early on in *A Buyer's Market*—are, alas, off-stage in *The Acceptance World*; so is Sir Magnus Donners. Intrigue, this time, centres around St. John Clarke, a respectable ageing novelist anxious to keep abreast with æsthetic trends and wavering conscientiously to the Left. Mrs. Andriadis (siren of *A Buyer's Market*) has fallen under the influence of austere Herr Guggenbühl. . . .

ALL these goings on are related by Mr. Powell with a calm lucidity which does not lessen their phantasmagoric oddness—we have here, in fact, a foremost master of comedy. Above all, however, the fascination of this sequence of novels consists in the unfolding of the main pattern: this is how lives are lived—partly shiftlessly, partly in subjection to some fatality, partly in a series of forward spurts owing to energy, enterprise or passion.

It may be found that, in order to keep his people together, Mr. Powell stretches the arm of coincidence rather far. His characters seem to be magnetised, quite by chance, to the same spots. But, look at one's own experience—this does happen!



"INVERARAY CASTLE AND HOPETOUN HOUSE" (The Pilgrim Press; 2s. 6d.), pictures from which are shown here, are two of a number of beautifully illustrated and informatively-written historical guides on many of the ancient and beautiful great houses of Britain and their contents



NGAIO MARSH has taken for *SCALES OF JUSTICE* (Crime Club, Collins; 10s. 6d.) an almost classic detective-story scene—an English valley with a meandering trout stream, an idyllic village in which all seems at its best. Banished are the exotic types with which this brilliant writer at times delights us—I'm not sure that Miss Marsh's powers do not show up most clearly of all in the well-nigh conventional setting she chooses this time.

Eccentrics there *are*, of course—but what English countryside is not rich in those? Mr. Danberry-Phinn's establishment teems with cats; Commander Syce's archery is the worse for alcohol, and dear Lady Lacklander is a genial terror. Col. Cartarette's second wife (met in Singapore) has a past, and is, on the whole, a pity—far from being so is his charming daughter, with whom the Lacklander grandson is in love. First and last, the gem of the story is Nurse Kettle.

THERE is a secret, likely to ruin the Lacklanders, which repentant Sir Harold, on his deathbed, confides to the trustworthy Col. Cartarette. The ex-ambassador's memoirs, in manuscript, contain a chapter which is apparently dynamite: the colonel has sworn to his old friend that they shall be published as they stand. Proof against further argument is this man of honour—a man whose death by violence shocks and saddens one. (Miss Marsh, unlike many detective-story writers, has the art of conveying that murders *matter*, are sinful, leave a long trail of grief.)

A veteran trout, "the Old 'Un," of Bottom Bridge, meets his end on the same evening as the fisherman; the "scales" of the title are (may I reveal?) other than those dangled by the blindfolded lady. I have seldom read a novel by Ngaio Marsh from which I did not learn something: one learns much here.

Not a character in *Scales of Justice* is "to type." Beautifully original in her view of people, this author always convinces one of her soundness—oddly, or unexpectedly violently as a man or woman may act, it is always possible. There's a tang, a flavour about all these village scenes, and a particular sparkle of comedy when Roderick Alleyn, in the role of junior, confronts the overpowering Lady Lacklander. This book gives complete satisfaction: can one say more?

* * *

WHAT better compensation for a failed exam. than the writing of a best-selling novel? This, we learn, was the genesis of *BONJOUR TRISTESSE*, which swept France—and one can hardly wonder. Author, Françoise Sagan—aged seventeen. In English, the book now reaches us from John Murray, Ltd., priced at 7s. 6d., and shorn of little in the translation—Irene Ash has kept very close indeed to the mood and manner of Mlle. Sagan's French, and shows good sense in not having changed the title, for which, I think, no substitute *could* be found.

The standard of education in France is high: Cecile, the "I" and heroine of the tale, spends unwilling hours cramming herself with Bergson. Cecile, like her creator, is seventeen, only child of a hedonistic widower father whose life and pursuits she has shared since she left school. The young creature looks with indulgence on the series of ladies with whom her father occupies himself—not one of them threaten her own position. That Elsa, the highly-professional charmer of the moment, should make a



Gilbert Adams

MARCUS ADAMS, one of the most distinguished photographers of children in this country, has recently celebrated his eightieth birthday. He is also well known for his pictures of members of the Royal Family, whose photographs he has taken over a span of thirty years. Though he has spent sixty years of his life in photography, he still has found time for his hobbies of gardening—his rambler roses are famous—bricklaying, painting and modelling

third on the holiday in the South of France does not annoy Cecile in the very least. But when Anne appears, it is another matter.

The atmosphere of the big white villa, wrapped in hot pinewoods, lapped by the Mediterranean, is changed by the outbreak of a "serious" love: Anne and Cecile's father intend to marry. The relationship between the elegant, composed woman and the rebellious young girl is wonderfully drawn—instance, the scene with the cigarette. Cecile's own preoccupation with a young man becomes secondary to her project of getting Anne out: Cyril and the still-lurking Elsa become catspaws. . . .

I THINK that in judging *Bonjour Tristesse* one should realise that it is not a heartless book; it is a book on the subject of youthful heartlessness. Though the style is light, considerable intelligence lies behind it—which accounts for the fact that the book has been more than popular: it gained the much-coveted Grand Prix des Critiques in 1953. The author herself, one is glad to learn, leads a perfectly normal home life: both parents living. "Sagan" is not her

real name: Proust, whom she rightly admires, furnished it for her.

* * *

JUVENILES in another and sadder form appear in *LOST GIRLS* (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), which is a real-life study of life in a remand home. Caroline Brown, the author, taught in such an institution some years ago, and the picture she gives, though restrained, is haunting. The class she handled, though still of schoolgirl age, consisted of a dozen or so unfortunates, set apart, under treatment for the disease which had been the terrible penalty of their strayings. Yet gaiety, perkiness and humour, and in one or two cases goodness of heart, were to be found among their numbers. Mrs. Brown was young, no prig, and wore clothes her pupils liked—she emphasises how much more could be done in reclaiming girls if the exponents of virtue were less unnerving.

With Monica Dickens's tribute, on the wrapper, all who read *Lost Girls* will, I'm sure, concur: "A sympathetic and fascinating story, that is full of shocks but of laughter, too."

Beauty

THE RIGHT USE
OF PERFUMES

SOME weeks ago, when it was pouring with rain, and depressingly cold, a cheerful friend said—turning a shiver into a shrug—"Never mind, dear. All this rain and cold weather means that we shall have a *glorious* summer."

Whether she had any technical knowledge of weather forecasts, or was just an incurable optimist, I do not know. I can only hope that she was right, and that by the time our Summer Number appears on your breakfast-table, the sun will be shining with sufficient strength to make you exchange the problem of how to keep warm for that of how to keep cool.

SOME women seem to do this with grace amounting to an art. On the hottest day they enter a room, or brush past you in the street or in a restaurant, like a cool breeze, fresh and fragrant. Everything about them is as crisp as a lettuce leaf; complexion smooth and matt, and hands cool to the touch. However delightfully unconscious this may seem, you can be sure that it is no accident. Neither is it a lucky gift bestowed on some and withheld from others. It is a subtle charm that has been carefully studied.

In these days it should not be difficult. The variety of delightful bath luxuries and perfumed accessories available for giving and maintaining an air of fresh fragrance is so great, that even to think of them is like inhaling the sweetness of a summer garden. Roses, jasmine, lilies-of-the-valley, fern, honeysuckle, violets, lavender, gardenias—to mention only a few—all these scents can be brought to the bathroom and the dressing-table, and used in different ways, to add refreshment on a hot summer's day.

To use them so is perhaps a large part of the "keeping cool" secret. No longer do perfumes come to us just in the form of expensive essences, to be put behind the ears or on a handkerchief, or as salts to be thrown into the bath. They can now be had in all manner of toilet extravaganzas. Soaps, talcs, dusting powders, toilet waters to go *into* the bath, lotions to rub on *after* the bath, deodorants, sachets, hand lotions, frictions for the hair, and brilliantines.

Most of the well-known makers of perfume have whole ranges of these things, and nothing is more luxurious than to choose a scent, and have everything to match, so that one can use it from top to toe. In



COTY'S "EAU DE TOILETTE" in harp-shaped bottle with new Travel Spray. This comes in a plastic container, specially designed for easy travel. The bottle is specially designed to be refilled. Price 15s. 6d.

this way it clings to the skin, and faintly scents the lingerie, so that even on the hottest day there is always a delicate suggestion of fragrance.

The perfumed colognes which have become so popular during recent years are something for which—during the summer especially—we can be particularly grateful. While they can be had to tone in with one's individual perfume, they are wonderfully refreshing and have a number of uses.

WHEN feet are hot and tired they cool and revive them and, at the same time, close the pores of the skin so that it is less likely to chafe. Sprinkled on to a rough loofah that has been wrung out in cold water, perfumed colognes make a stimulating after-the-bath body treatment. A brisk rub in the morning gives you a lift-up for the day, and another, before going to a party, provides uplift for the evening.

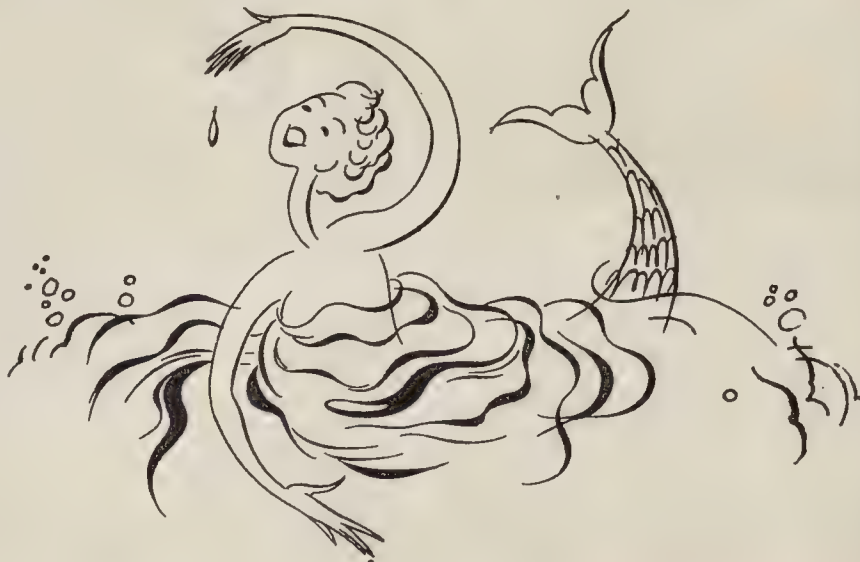
Hair that is inclined to look "flat" and lank can be greatly enlivened with a few drops of perfumed cologne on a damp pad of cotton wool. Rub this gently into partings all over the head, and the hair, in addition to getting a look of renewed freshness, will retain a soft fragrance which is

very attractive, especially when going to a dance.

Sachets, scented with one's favourite perfume (still keeping within the chosen range), spread the motif throughout one's clothes, when placed in drawers and pinned on to hangers in the wardrobe. The same scent can be used through the day by means of Perfumairs made for the handbag; or carried in crystallised form, which is very convenient for a quick refresher when travelling, shopping, or going from place to place.

DEODORANTS come in so many forms, and are so delicately perfumed, that they are a joy to use. Which kind you select is simply a matter of personal choice. You can get powders that can be puffed or sprayed over the body, or creams that rub in, leaving no trace of grease or stickiness whatever, or lotions that have remarkably lasting properties. To use them after the bath every day, or merely several times a week, according to directions, ensures the cool sweetness which is the "heart" of personal fragrance.

—Jean Cleland





Dennis Smith

The Silken Garden

*"... But thy eternal
summer shall not fade"*

PROLONGING their brilliance throughout the year are the blooms on Jacqmar's lovely "Spring Flowers" series of pure silk scarves. They come in a variety of exquisite colours, in which subtle backgrounds throw up the beauty of the pattern, and they can be chosen to tone with all shades of costume. Their prices are, Mimosa, Cherry Blossom, Lily of the Valley, Violet, Primula, £2 9s. 6d. each. Crocus, £2 19s. 6d., and they can be had from Jacqmar and leading stores throughout the country



Noel Mayn

Sunshine on the promenade deck

*And a dashing outfit
for the ocean wave*

THIS gay summer frock by Roeliff and Chapman, photographed in colour on the promenade deck of the Queen Elizabeth, looks equally good ashore or afloat. The scarlet bodice is made of a chenille-like fabric that comes from France, mounted on a boldly checked, black and white gingham skirt. Little circles of chenille are appliquéd here and there on to the checks. This dress, which costs approximately 18 gns., is sold, most appropriately, in Marshall and Snelgrove's "Play Deck" department. The hat, scarf and beach-bag also come from this shop

CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

by Mariel Deans

A little white piqué hat, scarlet trimmed, to wear with the dress, costs 4 gns. The capacious, spotted beach-bag, lined with red American cloth, is priced at 32s. 6d.



A useful stole made of duveteen-finished rayon, one side black and one side white, with black fringed ends, costs 52s. 6d.



All on a summer's day

“For a breeze of morning moves”

The clothes we show this week are for morning, noon and night, only sharing in common a sense of elegance and style—the antithesis of the word “fashionable” when it means the cheap crazes of a season. These clothes are nearly dateless and fit effortlessly into their beautiful surroundings—Nymans, near Handcross, Sussex, the home of Mrs. Leonard Messel

—MARIEL DEANS



Armstrong Jones

MORNING. Left: This house-coat of stiff yellow glazed cotton, printed with soft greys and blues, comes from Derry and Toms. It has a very full three-tiered skirt, puff sleeves, and fastens down the front with a long zip-fastener. In the green-house: This many coloured, peasant printed cotton blouse, worn with a full, dark green cotton tweed skirt banded with black, comes from Debenham and Freebody

“Take the flower and turn the hour”

*Continued
overleaf*



Continuing—All on a summer's day

AFTERNOON. Above left: A dress of white nylon designed by Frederick Starke with a fine black stripe, from Harvey Nichols. Above right: Atrima's simple dress of mushroom-coloured Milanese jersey from Fenwicks

“Where’er you walk cool gales shall



fan the glade"

From the "Emilio of Capri" boutique at Woollands, a black jersey cocktail blouse trimmed with white raffia and worn with a white silk and rayon skirt bounded with black straw



Continuing—All on a summer's day

“When evening is spread out against the sky”

EVENING. Permanently pleated nylon makes this charmingly simple black picture frock from Fenwicks, of Bond St. The very full skirt is separated into four tiers by narrow velvet ribbons which are also used for the shoulder straps



Peter Clark

from the Gainsborough Room at

Evening Gown of fine white lace and nylon.

Actual hips: 38, 40, 42. 35½ gns.

Debenham & Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, W.1.

LANgham 4444



Continuing—

All on a summer's day

“There’s a sunset touch”

EVENING. Henri Gowns make this beautiful white lace evening dress, which has a skirt banded with white satin to match the sash and the ends of the long, graceful stole. From Marshall and Snelgrove’s model gown department





Stark white Guipure lace over taffeta . .

navy sash and bow . . a truly beautiful

dress for many summer occasions.

JENNERS
PRINCES STREET EDINBURGH
LIMITED

Contributing the final flourish

GREET the sunshine with these new accessories, suitable for daytime wear or use, evening parties or weekend visits

—JEAN CLELAND



Swiss straw bags, as light as gossamer. Price £2 15s. (at the back), £1 15s. 6d. (in front). From Dickins and Jones



For the young girl to wear with summer frocks, this charming and inexpensive new "Apple" jewellery. Necklace £1 9s. 6d., brooch 12s. 9d., ear-rings 11s. 9d. Harrods only



Smart polka dot Taiho Set. Gloves with black silk jersey palms, £1 9s. 6d., umbrella cover 8s. 11d., cravat 16s. 11d., cloche £1 1s. From Fenwick's



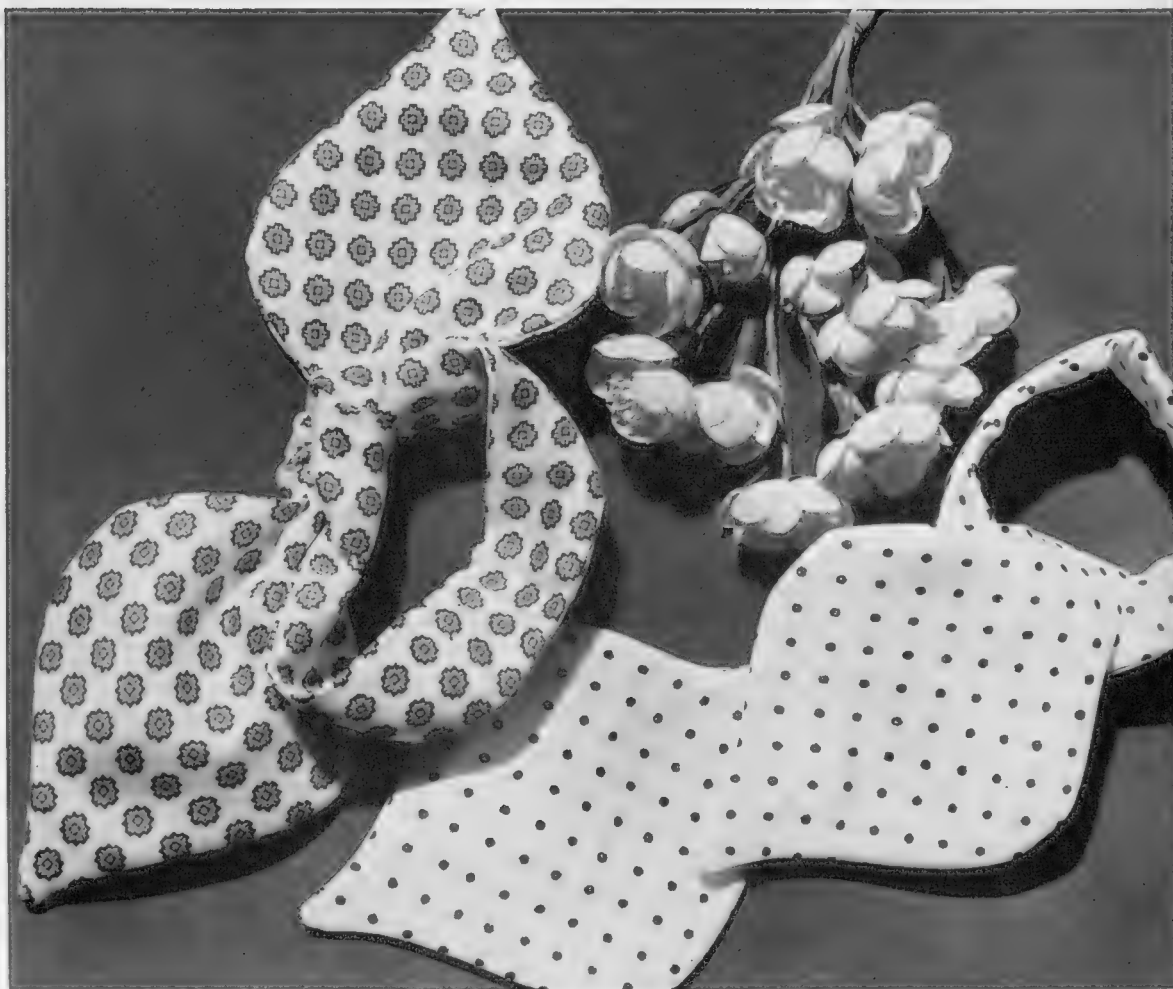
Costume perfume bottle in *petit point* and gold, for pinning to your lapel. Price £1 15s. From Marshall and Snelgrove Perfume Dept.



Something new and novel for summer parties, Strattons combined lipstick holder with fan-shaped vanity mirror. Marshall and Snelgrove have it in stock at 17s. 6d.



This original "Compact Emerich" has a delightful man in the moon on top. Price £7 7s. From Marshall and Snelgrove Perfume Department



Above: Newest note in neckwear can be seen in these smart silk ties for summer suits. Price 14s. 9d. each. From Harrods

Below: Two dainty vanity packs in pink floral polytainer. Charming on the dressing-table, and light for travel. Price 17s. 6d. each. From Marshall and Snelgrove Perfumery Dept.





Miss Caroline Jane Acton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Antony Acton, of Eaton Square, S.W.1, is to marry Mr. Hugh Trevor Dawson, Scots Guards, son of Cdr. Sir Hugh Trevor Dawson, Bt., C.B.E., R.N., and Lady Dawson, of Portman Square, W.1

Miss Julian Mary Russell, only daughter of the Hon. Charles Russell, Q.C., and Mrs. Russell, of Butts Gate, Wisborough Green, Sussex, is to marry Mr. Anthony Rodney Allfrey, elder son of Capt. B. Allfrey, of Pembroke Manor, Blackboys, Sussex, and of Lady Holman, of Bohunt, Liphook, Hants



Pearl Freeman



^{Bassano}
Miss Susan Elizabeth Tench, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Wingrave Tench, of La Vina, San Roque, Spain, has announced her engagement to Mr. Patrick John Bowen, elder son of the late Major C. L. J. Bowen, and of Mrs. P. V. Makins, of Wool Road, Wimbledon



^{Lenore}
Miss Caroline Bone, daughter of Capt. H. F. Bone, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N., and Mrs. Bone, of Simons-town, South Africa, is to marry Mr. Guy F. B. Temple, M.C., the Gloucestershire Regiment, son of Maj.-Gen. B. Temple, C.B., and Mrs. Temple, of Hythe, Kent

THE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED

Miss Isabel Body, youngest daughter of Dr. T. M. Body and the late Mrs. Body, of Marton, Middlesbrough, Yorks, is to marry Capt. Thomas Barlow, D.S.C., R.N., eldest son of Sir Alan and Lady Barlow, of Boswells, Wendover, Bucks



Bassano



Fayer

An ideal wedding present, which is very much appreciated—and a constant reminder of the giver—is a subscription to The TATLER. Annual subscription £5 16s. 6d. (overseas £5 18s. 6d.), six months £3 (overseas £3 1s. 3d.). Both inclusive of Christmas number. A card from the donor will be included if requested. Send your cheque to the Publisher, Dept. ED/C, Ingram House, 195-8 Strand, London, W.C.2.

Miss Diana Mairi Douglas-Hamilton, daughter of Lord Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton, and of Pamela Lady Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton, of Findhorn, Morayshire, Scotland, is engaged to Mr. Gavin Younger, son of the late Mr. H. J. Younger, and of Mrs. H. J. Younger, of Haddington, E. Lothian



Sailing on the Clyde

Set fair

The sheer talent for *living* of Braemar sweaters and twin-sets makes them stars in a girl's wardrobe. More than a touch of genius goes into these classic designs and *fabulous* colours. Why, just to see them sets you longing!

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Elizabeth Arden

PERFUMES

CREATED, BOTTLED AND
SEALED IN FRANCE



Blue Grass

My Love

On dit

Wood-Robinson—Scruby. The wedding took place at St. Nicholas Church, Ringwould, of Mr. David M. Wood-Robinson, eldest son of the late Mr. H. Wood-Robinson, and Mrs. John Watson, of Crawley, and Miss Jane Robinett Scruby, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Scruby, of Ringwould, Kent



Onslow—Hay. Mr. Cranley Gordon Douglas Onslow, elder son of the late Mr. F. R. D. Onslow, and of Mrs. Onslow, of Effingham House, Bexhill, Sussex, married Lady June Hay, younger daughter of the late Earl and Countess of Kinnoull and niece of Lady de Clifford, of Kinnerton Street, London, S.W.1, at St. Margaret's, Westminster



Swaebe



Windsor-Clive—Woodall. The Hon. Richard Archer Alan Windsor-Clive, son of the late Earl of Plymouth, and of Irene Countess of Plymouth, of Llanmaes, St. Fagans, Cardiff, married Miss Joanna Mary Woodall, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Woodall, of Elm Row, Hampstead, N.W.3, at Old Knebworth Parish Church

THEY WERE MARRIED



Willoughby—Middleton. The Hon. Christopher Willoughby, Coldstream Guards, younger son of Lord and Lady Middleton, of Birdsall House, Malton, Yorkshire, married Miss Jean Hills, elder daughter of Lt.-Col. John and Lady Rosemary Hills, of Crossways, Bradfield, Berkshire, in Bradfield College Chapel

Leslie Melville—Houldsworth. The Hon. George David Leslie Melville, second son of the late Earl of Leven and Melville, and the Dowager Countess of Leven and Melville, of Strathnaver, Nairn, Scotland, married Miss Diana Mary Houldsworth, younger daughter of Brig. and Mrs. H. W. Houldsworth, of Dallas Lodge, Forres, Morayshire, at St. Columba's, Elgin



Motoring

The diesel tarries

WHEN a friend excitedly told me that Sir William Rootes had obtained a first prize with a Hampshire Down shearling ram lamb, I inquired what the average speed had been. It was only then that I recalled that one of our greatest motoring industrialists is also one of our greatest agriculturists, for this was no vehicular event but the Oxfordshire Agricultural Show. I believe that Sir William Rootes won two first prizes and two seconds, though I am not clear as to the different engine capacities.

All of which reminds me that the Rootes Group have what I regard as one of the best fundamental designs of diesel engine on the market. I have always hoped that they would fit it in a private motor-car chassis. So far it has been fitted to lorry and coach chassis only. Yet it has the advantage not only of dispensing with an ignition system and a system of carburation (in common with other diesels) but also of dispensing with valves and valve gear, for it is a pressurized two-stroke.

Although I thus continue to support the diesel engine for private car use, I have to admit that Mr. Carl Borgward has written to me saying that he does not believe that the demand for diesel-engined private cars will be sufficiently great to warrant continued large-scale production of them. That is a blow. But it must be accepted; and perhaps it explains to some extent the Rootes policy of not placing their diesel on the private car market at the present time.

★ ★ ★

LE MANS is approaching with great rapidity. When we think of Le Mans we also think of Jaguar; for Jaguar cars have given all those who went out for the race

during the past few years their greatest moments. But Mercedes and Ferrari are still in the running and no one but a lunatic would begin making predictions at the time at which I am writing these notes.

Perhaps it is permissible to speculate upon the riches which the twenty-four hours event brings to this small town, because there is the prospect of a certain road course in Britain.

I do not as yet wish to be involved in the controversy about whether that new course ought to be established. But I would like to scotch one misconception.



It has been repeatedly indicated in a great Midlands newspaper that the establishment of a road racing course would destroy the amenities of the surrounding district. That is at variance with such evidence as we have. Brooklands, in its most energetic period, was an oasis from the over-built parts of the country, with pleasant trees and rhododendron bushes to regale the eye.

Because there was motor racing there, it did not follow that there was ugliness. On the contrary, the schools, electricity and gas stations; the council house agglomerations, even the official playing fields, are a revolting spectacle when compared with the motor racing course at Brooklands. And there is no reason to suppose that the site of the new course will be less fortunate than the site of that early course. Motor racing does not spoil the scenery. In fact it often preserves it.

More than 30,000 bookings have been made, the Royal Automobile Club tells me, for R.A.C. members taking their cars



SPEED LAUNCH being loaded into a Bristol Freighter Mk.32 of Air Charter at Southend Airport for the "Channel Air Bridge" to Calais, which takes only twenty-eight minutes to make the cross-Channel journey

or motor cycles to the Continent. "We anticipated a very busy season, but this exceeds our highest expectations." That was the remark of "a spokesman of the R.A.C." and—apart from wishing that he would learn the difference between the words "anticipate" and "expect"—we must welcome the information.

This year is going to be notable for the amount of Continental touring by British motorists. As Britain becomes worse and worse as a touring ground—because of the neglect of the roads—so the Continent of Europe, by comparison, becomes better. And as the restrictions and regulations multiply here; so the freedom seems the more welcome there.

The Le Mans rush—judging from preliminary reports from the airline companies, the charter companies and the ferries—is going to break all records.

★ ★ ★

ONLY recently, when speaking of the new Rolls-Royce and Bentley motor-cars, I mentioned the part played in their origination by Dr. Llewellyn Smith, the managing director of the motor car division of Rolls-Royce. Now I should remind readers that Dr. Llewellyn Smith was elected President of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders a few weeks ago. He joined Rolls-Royce in 1933, and took over his present appointment in December, 1954. Vice-Presidents of the Society are Mr. R. F. Hanks of the Nuffield Organization, and Mr. F. A. Perkins of F. Perkins, Ltd.

★ ★ ★

A GALLANT attempt is being made to institute a system of map references to hotels and inns in England comparable to the system of references provided by the Michelin Guide for France. A body of enthusiasts has been eating its way through a number of British hostelrys and is reporting its results in the form of a gastronomic guide.

We regard these men as martyrs in the cause of good cooking, for the simple process of testing at hazard the fare of the roadside inns of this country is a short cut to the extreme forms of intestinal complaint. And here I issue a challenge. Let the touring association of Great Britain—if that is its title—or any other of the organizations which tell us how good things are in Britain, absolve me in writing from the outcome of any libel actions, and I will willingly (and, be it noted, in the national interest) tell what I know of the inns of the United Kingdom.

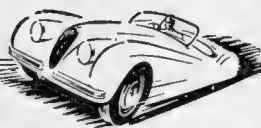
Horror comics would be as nothing to the revelations I would make. But I await that guarantee first. Otherwise the law must continue to play its part in making our roadside hotel and restaurant services what they are. Of course, that is not an inclusive statement. I know good places. But they are few, whereas the bad places in this country are many.

—Oliver Stewart



A LIVE JAGUAR became the mascot of the Jaguar Car Owners Association of the U.S. when the Metropolitan Opera star Nell Rankin gave her 70 lb. pet South American jaguar to the Association. She was presented with a silver replica of a jaguar by Julian Apley and also enrolled as an honorary member

A Chateau near Spa—Photo: Belgian Tourist Office.



BACKGROUND TO JAGUAR BREEDING . . .

SPA

Set in the heart of the picturesque Ardennes, the racecourse of Spa has been the scene of notable Jaguar victories in the Annual Production Car Race in which Jaguars have crowned their wins by twice returning fastest lap of the day.

*



JAGUAR

Grace . . . Space . . . Pace



A GOVERNOR-GENERAL AT HOME IN AFRICA

LORD LLEWELLIN, the Governor-General and C.-in-C. of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, is seen with his sister, Miss Mary Llewellyn, in the beautiful grounds of Government House at Salisbury, Rhodesia. Lord Llewellyn, who was appointed Governor-General in 1953, has held many important posts in the government including Minister of Food from 1943-45, President of the Board of Trade and Minister of Aircraft Production. His sister, Miss Llewellyn, is a former Mayor of Poole in Dorset. He was created a baron in 1945



DINING IN

Tips for asparagus

ENGLISH asparagus is now plentiful and not too prohibitive in price. A chef tells me that the best English asparagus is equal in quality to that of the French because the growers in Norfolk and the Vale of Evesham, who have specialized in producing it, are doing an excellent job.

This bears out what another friend, the chef of one of London's leading restaurants, told me, when talking of the great advance in the growing of vegetables, especially asparagus and mushrooms, in the forty years he has been here. Neither of these, when he first came, was grown in sufficient quantities to meet the restaurant trade's demands.

How to boil or steam asparagus? If you are an enthusiast or have your own beds, I suggest that the investment in a special asparagus pot or steamer is well worth while. This is made of aluminium and is ten inches deep and six inches in diameter, with a wire basket inside. The idea is to stand the asparagus upright in the pan, with water falling short of the tender tips, and to cook them in the steam.

Strangely enough, the Frenchwoman who sells this special steamer ties her asparagus in bundles and cooks them, lying flat, in an ordinary pan, until the tips are cooked. Never mind the rest!

A fish kettle, with its most useful draining rack, is also suitable, but if made of tin it is practically impossible to get rid of the odour of fish. If it is of

aluminium, however, there is a hope. An old wives' tip might be worth trying: Fill the well-washed kettle right to the brim, add a good tablespoon of dry mustard and boil for several minutes. That should get rid of even the faintest whiff of fishy smell.

VERY lush and plump asparagus needs nothing more done to it than to nip off the side scales below the tips. "Doubtful" asparagus should be very thinly scraped or peeled, again below the tips. But be careful, because there is a tendency for the knife to slip and damage the very fragile points.

If you have no asparagus boiler or fish kettle, cut the asparagus into even lengths, tie them into small bundles, using tape rather than string, and lower them into boiling salted water. Give them 20 minutes, but test a tip or two with a needle after 15 minutes.

The best sauce is what you like. I like melted butter or, for a sauce, Hollandaise. Here, let me give you a chef's tip: If you have difficulty in

preventing your Hollandaise sauce from separating follow the chef's method, which is much easier than the one we housewives generally pursue.

Melt half a cup of butter in a small pan. In another, mix together a little freshly ground pepper a pinch of salt and a dessertspoon each of wine vinegar and water. Boil together to reduce the liquid by half. Remove and add a teaspoon of cold water and 2 egg yolks. Stand the pan in a larger one of hot water and whip until the egg mixture thickens like Zabaglione, which is like a fairly thick cream. Remove and gently pour in the butter in a thin, steady stream, leaving behind the small residue of white fluid in the pan. Whisk until the sauce reaches the right consistency, which means quite thick.

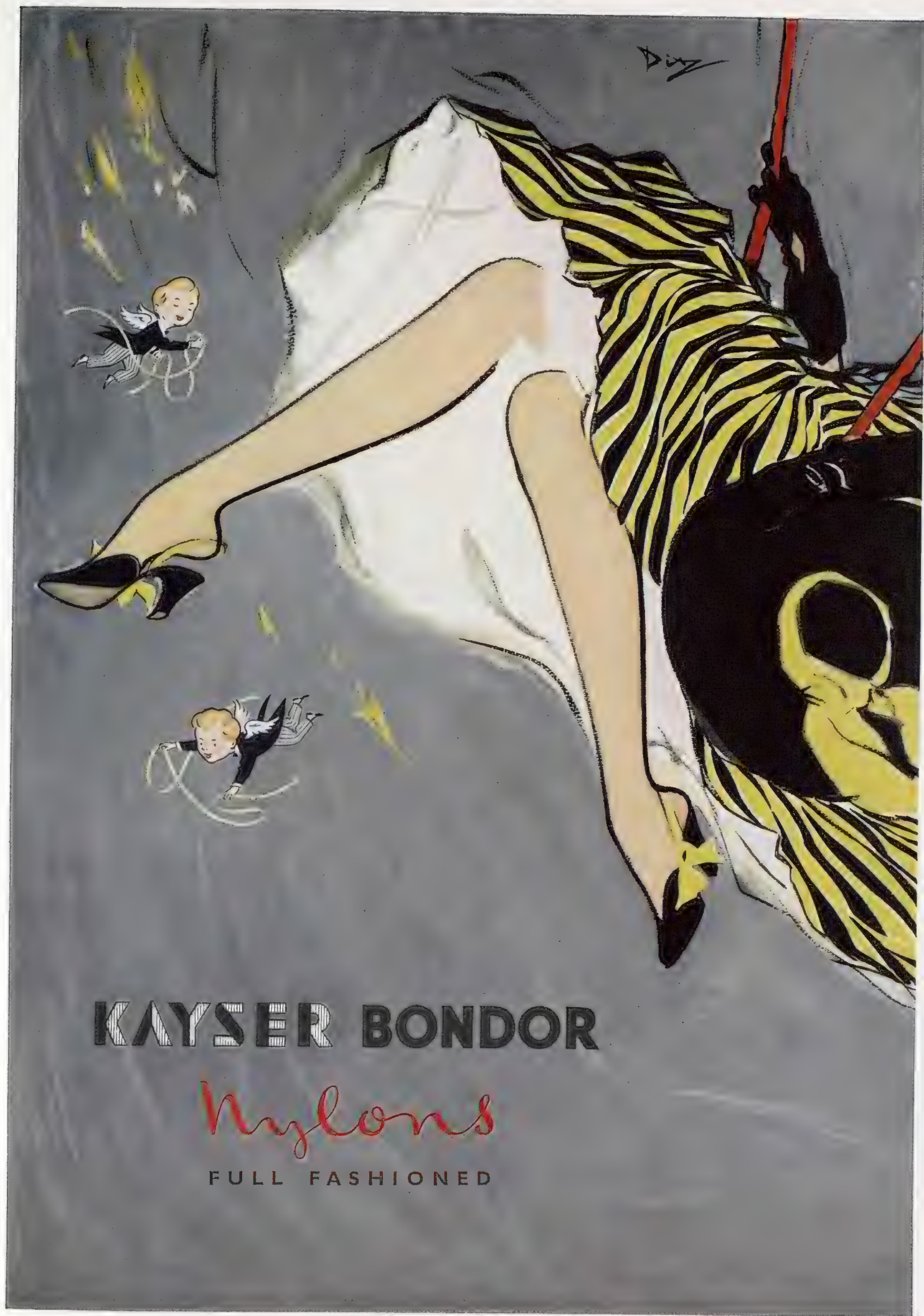
That sauce should not curdle. There is one thing to remember: At no time must it become hot, for there the danger of separating lies.

FOR Sauce Mousseline (also excellent with asparagus) whip a little double cream until it will hold a peak then, at the last minute, beat it into the Hollandaise.

For cold asparagus, there is Sauce Vinaigrette. This is simply three parts of olive oil to one part vinegar, with chopped onion or chives, parsley, chervil, tarragon, capers and pepper and salt, all to taste. A further pleasant sauce is mayonnaise with a little cream beaten into it.



—Helen Burke



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LONDON'S SOHO: by A. R. Thomson R.

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soho is probably the most cosmopolitan area in the world, a vortex of the exotic and the mundane. It is a place of world wanderers, where strange yet tempting foods and romantic wines give ease to their nostalgia for their homelands.

Yet here, with the world to choose from, wanderer, exile, and London-born citizen give an especially warm welcome to the little red Brooke Bond van. Pushing its way through thronged narrow streets to grocers and food suppliers of all nationalities, it is a

symbol of one of the pleasures of the British way of life.

* * *

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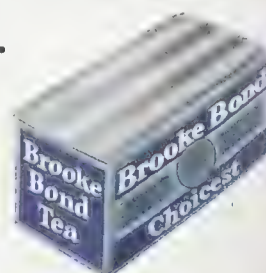
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The roof garden at Derry and Toms in Kensington High Street, creates a world of its own high above the traffic of London. There are several special gardens—Tudor, terraced, and an enchanting Spanish garden (above) reminiscent of warmer climates than ours

DINING OUT

A garden tour for gourmets

SUMMER is here: may it be bright and gay; may the sun shine in a proper manner. The river resorts are now coming out of their period of hibernation: the tennis courts are being ironed out: the golfers can play in shirts instead of mackintoshes.

Talking of tennis brings Wimbledon to mind. If you are planning to go and watch the stars perform, you can also plan your lunch or dinner party in the locality.

A great deal of effort and enthusiasm has been put into redecorating and reorganizing the Wimbledon Hill Hotel by the landlords, George Short and Joe Woodruff, not to mention the expenditure of several thousands of pounds.

It is a strange place in some ways: non-residential; a cocktail bar which is a "Sabbath Day's Journey" from the other bars; a garden bar under a canopy where you can have your apéritifs in the sunshine before you go into the restaurant, and several others, one of which contains the most peculiar fireplace I have ever seen, built in the form of a house and known locally as "Short's Folly."

THERE is no limit to the size of your party because they can seat from one to two hundred persons—and all this within a mile of the actual courts.

They make a special feature during the "Tennis Fortnight" of staging a very fine cold buffet in the ballroom, but at all times there are grills and roasts available; such dishes as Chicken Maryland, *poulet en cocotte*, and a dozen ways of cooking their very specially selected Dover soles. The service is quick and friendly. They have over a hundred wines to choose from; some of them appear to be remarkably good value, an outstanding example being the magnums of 1937 Château Smith-Haut Lafite at 40s., which makes the Chateau Latour '47 at 45s. a bottle sound quite expensive. There are many more not quite so illustrious, from 15s. a bottle upwards.

Reverting to bars, one of the finest I have seen for a long time is the new Burma Road Bar which was opened in April at the Wentworth Club, Virginia Water, by Brig. A. C. Critchley, C.M.G., C.B.E., D.S.O. It has a window thirty feet long with a glorious view over the 18th green on the East

[Continued on page 558]

"Yes-it's
MARTELL
- my old
friend"

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MARTELL
CORDON BLEU

*A very fine
Liqueur Brandy*

also CORDON ARGENT and EXTRA

DINING OUT [Continuing from page 557]

Gourmets in the garden

Course, and the lake. The bar, made of birch, sycamore, mahogany, not to be outdone by the window, is thirty-five feet long. It must undoubtedly be one of the longest golf club bars in the country.

Apart from golf, the Wentworth provides tennis, swimming, squash, and for good measure has a magnificent ballroom; in other words, apart from all the sporting activities you can dine, wine and dance in comfort.

ONE obvious place for dining out in the summer is in the garden restaurant of that smart, excellent and expensive restaurant, the Mirabelle, with its charcoal grills and revolving spits. Their essentially French cuisine does not prevent them from including some basic English dishes, such as steak and kidney pudding, Irish stew or toad in the hole if you ask for it; in fact, you can have sausages, mash and onions if you want it, and get it with a smile, but it will probably cost you the price of a *Tournedos Rossini*, which is entirely up to you. "*Les Plats des Gourmets*" occupy a column on their own in the menu; for many of them you may have to wait from twenty to forty-five minutes, as almost everything is cooked to order. Who minds waiting if the result is a masterpiece?

It is still being managed with great enthusiasm and minute attention to detail by Erwin Schleyen, who has been there for five years. The *maitre chef* is John Drees, a Frenchman trained exclusively in England.

As for the wine list, "fabulous" is the only word I can think of to describe it. To visit their cellar is like being in an Aladdin's Cave of the

great vintages; a description of the inhabitants of this cellar could easily fill the whole of this column.

To mention a few of the wines will give you some idea of what I am trying to convey: Imperiales (they hold the equivalent of not less than eight bottles) of Château Haut Brion 1899 at £25; Imperiales of Château Haut Brion 1908 at £14; bottles of Château Lafite Rothschild 1872 at 180s.; Château Margaux 1906 at 80s., and on through almost all the years until the present day.

There are, too, some astonishing Burgundies;



Harcourt

Romance 1911 at 120s. and again up through the years to 1947. These are naturally listed as "Exceptionnels." In this tremendous wine list of over three hundred wines there are, of course, a large range at the normal prices you expect to pay in this sort of establishment.

YET another place with a garden restaurant, and ideal if you are out shopping in the summer, is the "Restaurant on the Roof" of Derry and Toms.

You don't expect to sit in a restaurant on the

top of a London store surrounded by large French windows which look out on to a beautiful garden containing substantial trees, lawns, waterfalls, ponds full of fish and others with ducks swimming about in them, flower beds which are one blaze of colour with plants and shrubs of all descriptions.

There is a Spanish garden, a Tudor garden and a terraced garden, with gardeners hard at work in all of them, and astonishing views over London through the portholes in the fence. There is also a bomb that fell in the garden in April, 1941, and failed to explode.

This is essentially a summer restaurant with summer food, all cold except for the soup or the coffee, the accent being on iced melon, Scotch salmon, chicken, ham, tongue and salads, with a very adequate wine list. Where better to relax for lunch after a strenuous morning's shopping or, in fact, straight from the office if it is near enough.

From the number of overseas visitors observed walking round or taking refreshment on a recent visit, it must be world-renowned, as well it deserves.

IF the day is wet, dark and gloomy, you can descend one floor to the Rainbow Restaurant which indeed is illuminated with all the colours of the rainbow; can seat over four hundred people, and cope with all their requirements from a full *à la carte* menu, including grills, with a similar wine list to the one on the roof.

Finally, still keeping our gourmets in the garden, there is the Albemarle Club in Albemarle Street, W.1, which was opened in April, 1954, by that very expert dispenser of drinks Eddie Clark, who was at the Albany Club for over eight years.

This has a small garden bar next to the cold buffet; wines by the glass, including champagne and seventy other wines to choose from, almost exclusively 47's, 49's and 50's. Downstairs they have a restaurant with an *à la carte* menu concentrating on grills and fish, but the *maitre chef*, Remo Pungetti, can produce anything you require, give reasonable time. The price of both the wines and the food is extremely reasonable.

— I. Bickerstaff



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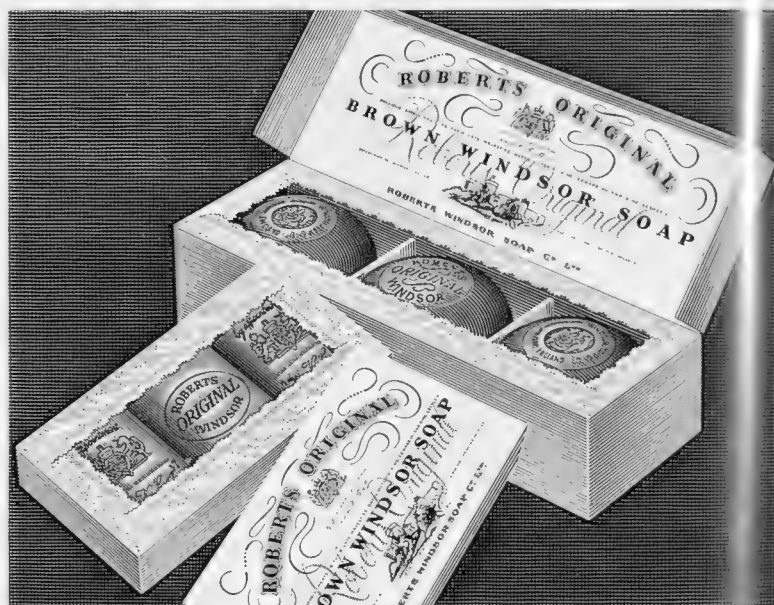
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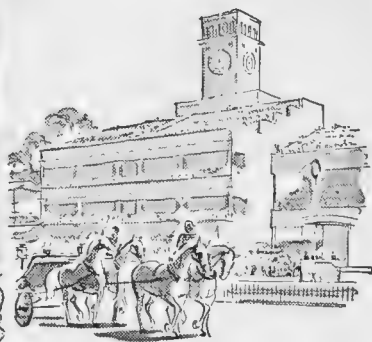
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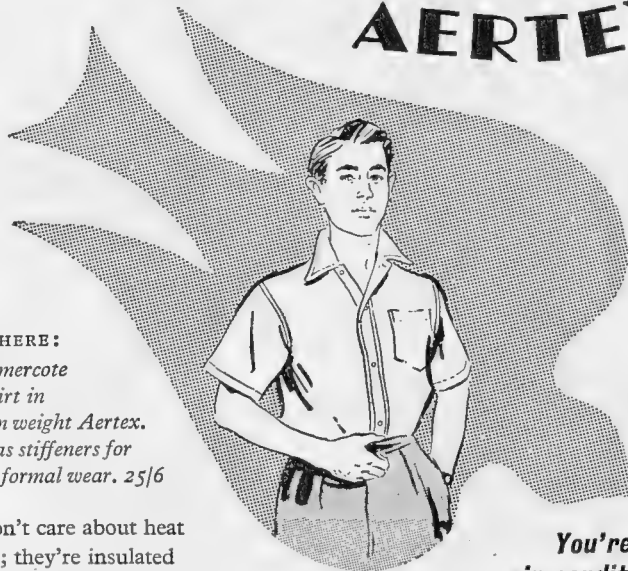


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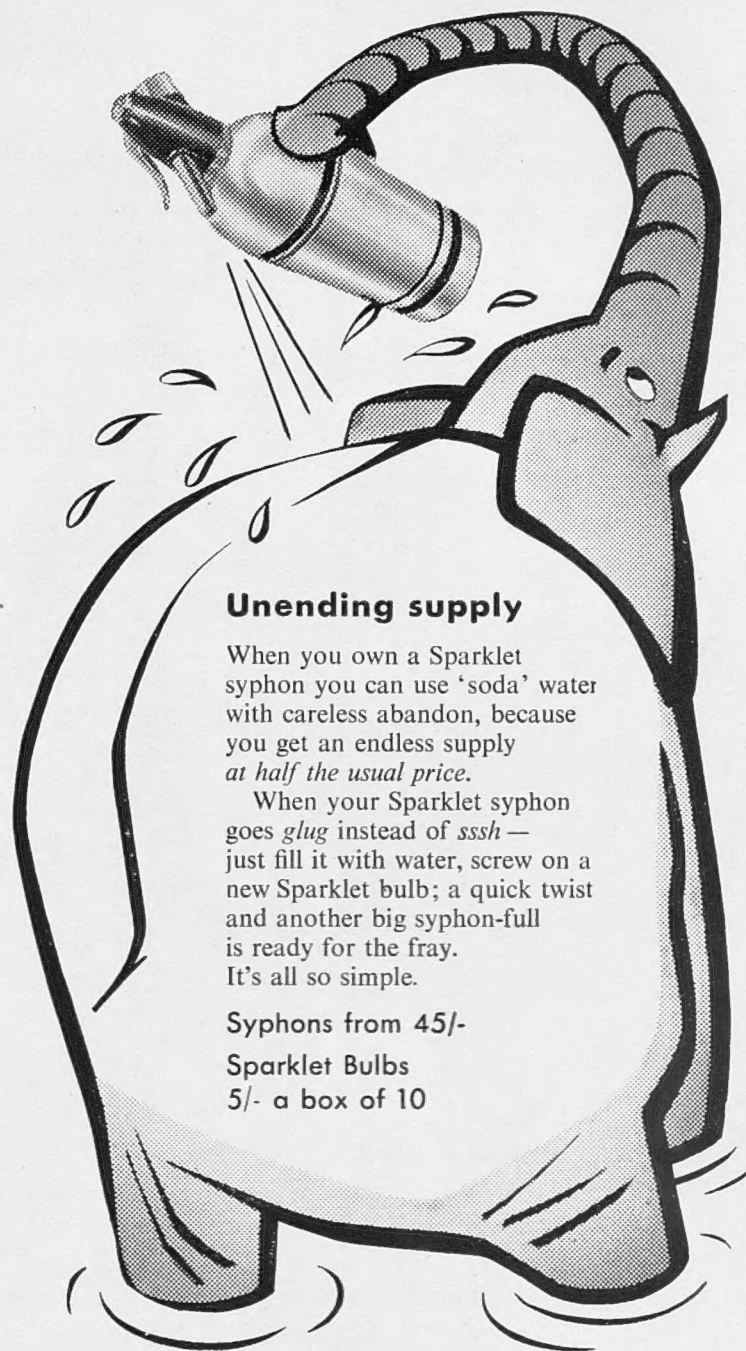
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